

M E M O I R S
O F
J U L I A D E M****,
A
RECLAIMED COURTEZAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
LE CHEVALIER RUTLEDGE,
AUTHOR OF
LA QUINZAINÉ ANGLAISE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N.

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C O N T E N T S

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Mr Birth and Education.

Page.

I

CHAP. II.

*I have at first some frivolous scruples—
make a new acquaintance, who quiets them,
and initiates me into mysteries which give
the last Polish to my Education.*

16

CHAP. III.

*An unexpected Rencontre; and a Connexion
that will prove of Consequence in the
Sequel.*

25

CHAP.

	Page.
C H A P. IV.	
<i>Unexpected light thrown upon the last Chapter</i>	32
C H A P. V.	
<i>History of THERESA MAUPIN.</i>	38
C H A P. VI.	
<i>A Visit that puts a Stop to our Grief, and occasions a total Change in my Sentiments.</i>	52
C H A P. VII.	
<i>I become the Means of plunging THERESA into fresh Distress.</i>	56
C H A P. VIII.	
<i>I receive a visit from an Original.</i>	61
C H A P. IX.	
<i>An Event that Changes all our Projects</i>	67
C H A P. X.	
<i>Make an Acquaintance in my new Habitation.</i>	74
C H A P.	

	Page.
C H A P. XI.	
<i>New Adventures.</i>	80
C H A P. XII.	
<i>A disagreeable Intrusion</i>	91
C H A P. XIII.	
<i>Conclusion of the Adventure with the FINAN-</i> <i>CIER.</i>	97
C H A P. XIV.	
<i>A new System of Conduct.</i>	101
C H A P. XV.	
<i>Eclaircissemens on the Person and Intentions of</i> <i>the COUNTESS, and on the new Designs of</i> <i>my AUNT.</i>	107
C H A P. XVI.	
<i>An unexpected Journey.</i>	115
C H A P. XVII.	
<i>We arrive at ROUEN.</i>	119
C H A P.	

	Page.
C H A P. XVIII.	
<i>Preliminary Visits a la NORMANDE, and</i>	
<i>Conclusion of our Law-suit.</i>	126
C H A P. XIX.	
<i>A Description of the Acquaintance I make at</i>	
<i>the new Society.</i>	131
C H A P. XX.	
<i>Adventure of my LORD C——N.</i>	140
C H A P. XXI.	
<i>An Intrigue not quite so private as that the</i>	
<i>Reader has just seen.</i>	144
C H A P. XXII.	
<i>Unforeseen Catastrophe.</i>	153
C H A P. XXIII.	
<i>More serious than any of the preceding Chap-</i>	
<i>ters of this work.</i>	158

M E M O I R S.

O F

J U L I A D E * * * * *

C H A P T E R I.

My Birth and Education.

THE famous Ninon de L'Enclos and myself resemble each other, so far as to have both been deficient in what is called virtue, when applied to women. But under a certain point of view, we shall offer a perfect contrast to the reader, which, nevertheless, impelled us both to an equal neglect of those duties which every woman is bound to observe. Ninon, thanks to a fortune, that enabled her to follow the dictates of her inclination, preserved, amidst all the irregularities of her life, an air of liberty and disinterestedness, that distinguished her from

VOL. I.

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a courtesan, and placed her on the list of female philosophers. Circumstances totally different have led me into different situations. I only became, when too late, and after my plan of life was laid down, what it was an easy matter for Ninon to be, through the means of those resources with which fortune had provided her. But at length, I am as much a philosopher as she ever was, and perhaps more so. And I trust that whoever shall read my Adventures will do me the justice to agree with me on that point.

This Ninon, immortalised by some fages of the age, was only gallant because she possessed, by inspiration, or otherwise, a tolerable portion of modern philosophy, at a time when its rays had shed but a glimmering and doubtful light. In some eyes, perhaps, I should have the advantage of appearing a moral, or, if my reader prefers the expression, an *immoral* phenomenon, still more extraordinary than Mademoiselle de L'Enclos; for gallantry was in me the source, the germe of prudence and philosophy. The reader, on this declaration, will, perhaps, perceive a living paradox in my person, that merits an explanation. Let him read then; I shall conceal nothing from him, and after having run over these Memoirs, he will have seen the very bottom of my heart. He cannot doubt my sincerity,

cerity, when he sees me put in opposition with my own actions, those of a person of the same age and sex, who had such a superiority over me in every respect, as to stand in no need of that kind of philosophy which I have collected from all the events of my life: *Apropos* as to age, it may not be useless to observe, that at the time I am writing the history of my life, I have not entirely completed my sixteenth lustre, like that famous Ninon, when she made a conquest of the Abbé Gedoy. I am only three and thirty, and am still sufficiently passable, to sink ten years upon any one who is not a connoisseur. Do not be in too great a hurry, readers, after what I have said, to have my portrait from my own hand. In due time and place, I shall make you acquainted with my feature, my figure, my wit, at fifteen, at twenty, at thirty;—not the least circumstance shall escape you, nor will you lose any thing by waiting.

Some country critic will perhaps tell me, that I should have at least waited till I had *lived*, before I attempted to give the history of my life. *Lived!*—Tell me, if you please, whether, in your idea, the word is applicable to the material duration of time, or to the use it is possible to make of it. If you apply the last of the two senses to the word *lived*, before you

shall have read over one half of my narration, you will be compelled to own that to judge me by the nature of my experience, and by the multiplicity of those variegated scenes to which I have been a witness, I am at least a hundred years old.

I was born in a country town, eighty leagues distant from the capital; the name of which I shall conceal, as a great part of my family still make a figure in it. They, perhaps, might not be gratified by the publication of my confessions. My intention is not to afflict the good people, by whom, for my comfort, I have the happiness to be perfectly forgotten; and whom I have likewise forgotten, in my turn. It will be seen by the portraits of all my relations; which I shall not fail to draw, and by my own, such as it will appear from all the episodes of a life of gallantry, that we could not do better, on both sides, than to forget each other, as cordially as we have done. I do not exactly remember, whether or not the celebrated Ninon sprang from a noble family. I have that advantage, nor is this circumstance mentioned from vanity, or with the intention of adding to my own importance. But as, in the midst of the irregularities of my life, it will be impossible not to observe that I have received, if not

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the purest principles, at least an elevated and liberal education, I think it my duty, by reminding the reader that I am descended from a family of condition, to prevent the surprise he might experience, by seeing me play a part so different to that which is every day played by those, whom, as an equitable philosopher, I should not disdain to call *my equals*.

I am the first offspring of the second marriage of the Count de M——. After having dissipated a considerable property in the capital, during a short widowhood, and made a breach in the fortune of an infant son, whom he had by his first wife, the Count de M—— retired to the country. People, who esteem nothing but money, thought him very lucky, in marrying, in the person of my mother, twelve thousand pounds, and a Gorgon both in jealousy and ugliness. Thus the reader already sees, that although I have been reckoned pretty, I have no room to flatter myself that I was a child of Love.

My father, inwardly possessed a great fund of indolence, that was mistaken by many for a mildness, the result of reflection. Through excess of enjoyments he had become indifferent to every thing, except to pleasure, which habit

had rendered absolutely necessary to him. Perhaps the irregularities which this *penchant* had led him into, and the breaches it made in his fortune, might be the motives that rendered him passive and supple under the iron sceptre of my mother, whom he secretly detested, but by whom he suffered himself to be absolutely governed, in every thing that concerned his family. Almost immediately after my birth, the Count consented to the banishment of his son, who was then eight years old, from the house of his father. That affectionate goodness of heart, alone capable of making a woman surmount the dislike a second wife but too often has to the offspring of a first marriage, was far from being the lot of her to whom I owe my existence. It would have been the more difficult for her to adopt sentiments of tenderness and justice for my eldest brother, as his deceased mother had possessed those graces of person, and beauties of mind, of which she herself was so totally devoid. It was for this reason, that before she banished the son, she had consigned the picture of the mother to an ancient wardrobe, where it was hidden from every eye. At that time, and through the rest of her life, she signalized her antipathy to every woman to whom Nature had been more bountiful than she had been to her; which is to say, that she declared war

war against her whole sex, at least with but very few exceptions; and if any thing can diminish those sentiments, which, in some minds, the simplicity of my narration may inspire, it will perhaps be the misfortune of having, from my earliest infancy, been disagreeable to this very mother, because my figure was not formed after the image of her own. This poor woman's harsh and uneven temper, that restless jealousy, ever upon thorns, common to all ugly women, to whom the indifference of mankind every moment points out how justly it is founded, a disgusting spirit of avarice and meanness, at last rendered the house insupportable to my father, and in some measure justified his long and frequent absence, and his consequent prodigality. My mother's fortune was very soon dissipated, and the whole family had no other resource for its sustenance than the wrecks of my elder brother's property, (who was still a minor) which it was impossible for my father to touch. Perhaps, but for this circumstance, I should have fallen, with my whole family, into a state of indigence, that might have had a considerable influence on my fate and disposition. Early habituated to abstinence, I might have avoided entering into that deplorable course of life, which I so long pursued; at least, I should have only had my imperious passions to combat, and the

the thirst for riches, which have gained a double activity from the retrenchment of those conveniences and comforts my brother's fortune had long procured us, would not have joined with my passions to make me wander from those paths in which it was my duty to walk.

In the solitude of an old castle, that made part of the fortune of the *Baron's* mother, for so in future shall I call my brother, my mother's only occupation was to govern, or rather torment, her servants; while she entrusted the care of my two younger brothers and myself, to mercenary nurses, who had softened the native hardness of her heart by dint of flattery.

I shall be pardoned for dwelling so long on the defects of my mother, in consideration of my motives. All the facts I shall venture to mention on that subject, are calculated to render my conduct more excusable in the eyes of all whom extreme severity has not rendered unjust.

During the long and frequent absences of my father, my mother's temper, which had caused it, soon drove every decent person in the country from our house. She was, at the same time, the capricious tyrant of those who visited her, and
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the slave of some few female acquaintance, and of a certain Abbé, a dangerous and insinuating domestic animal, who, happily for the peace and decency of families, is now, pretty generally, expelled their society. The name of this despicable priest was Cambert. He had become my mother's sole adviser, her exclusive companion, and the despotic arbiter of all her domestic concerns. I was neglected by my mother, but the Abbé strove to repair the misfortune, by deigning to afford me his protection on all occasions. He soon began to evince for me that treacherous kindness, that hypocritical affection, which, while it tends to flatter the blind partiality of a parent, is at the same time calculated to make a dangerous impression on a young mind, and to lay siege, as it were, to the passions just emerging from a state of infant insensibility. In the beginning, he offered me the *Fairy Tales*, as food for my youthful imagination. By degrees, he made me read novels, whose morals were rather more *consequential*. The first book, of this kind, that Cambert put into my hands, was "Hypolitus Earl of Douglas." There was a trifling altercation, on this subject, between my mother and him; but as the good lady had never in her life read any other books than Matthew Lamsberg, and the *Rustic Family*, it was no difficult matter for the

priest

priest to persuade her, that the book I was reading was not only very innocent in itself, but strictly proper to form a young mind to virtue. This novel, that bears strong marks of the gallantry of the times in which it was written, impressed me with ideas very different to those, which it was probably the intention of my Mentor, to inspire me with. About this time, my eldest brother completed his studies, and returned from college. During his residence there, every letter from his tutor to my father, gave my mother fresh subject for mortification, as the superior talents of his pupil were spoken of in strains of the highest eulogium. Luckily my father afforded some little consolation to this envious woman, by shewing the utmost indifference to his son's progress. I was of a very different disposition. My imagination, exalted by the novel I had been reading, represented me the Baron such as Madame D'Aunoy there represents Hypolitus; and I anticipated the same *denouement* as she gives to her novel. This folly absorbed all my thoughts, and furnished me with a train of ideas little suitable to a girl of my age. 'Till twelve, I was romantic, but the moment I entered my thirteenth year, my heart seemed tired of its chimeras, and gave me up entirely to my passions, which were then so imperious, that

that I could never have subdued them, had I been put to the test of a combat.

My father, at length, excluded from the world, by his inability to figure in it any longer, or to purchase its pleasures, began to take refuge, from time to time, in the house we inhabited, in order to conceal his penury and *ennui*. In one of his journies he brought home with him a young officer, whom I shall call Blainval, a distant relation, on my father's side. He was a man of an ordinary person, and whose mind had received but little assistance from education; but we shall soon see, that however common his figure or abilities, he had a soul susceptible of delicacy, and a heart frank and upright.

When I first saw Blainval, he did not make the least impression on my heart; but the absence of other objects, and the solitude of our rural habitation, conspired to give advantages to this young man, which, had he wished to improve, he might have urged with a certainty of success. I experienced, for the first time, that desire is not always the offspring of affection. However, time and reflection have made me esteem Blainval, whom I never loved, and who, notwithstanding, had my honour in his power.

power. Moved at those feelings, with which he saw me agitated, he was tender and affectionate, but most religiously respected the rights of kindred and hospitality. He was, therefore, soon forgotten. My father, incapable of bearing with his wife's temper, having found out some fresh resources, set out once more for the capital; and I saw, without much regret, Blainval depart with him.

As soon as Cambert was alone with my mother and self, he immediately reassumed his ancient ascendancy. With all his art, however, he was not skilful enough to perceive, how very far I was advanced, for a girl of fourteen, and accordingly put into my hands such books as spoke somewhat more clearly than those with which he had before furnished me, for the purpose of abridging my infancy. By this means, he defeated his own ends, and, for a second time, sowed for another to reap.

In the little town, in the neighbourhood of which our house was situated, was a Dean and Chapter. My mother's *fac totum* was one of the prebends, which made him of so much consequence, that his company was courted by people of all ranks. But he had generally contrived to select his acquaintance from among such of
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his equals, as could boast a long line of ancestors: Of this number was, an Abbé Desforts.

Little Cambert, in describing his friend, which he often did with wonderful importance, never failed to call him his brother. In uttering this epithet, which gave me no favourable opinion of the person to whom it was applied, our contemptible Abbé swelled like the frog in the fable. He had tormented us a hundred times, with his accounts of his brother's nobility, and of the antiquity of his family. He described him to us as an indefatigable sportsman, and a good companion, with the face of Adonis, and the form of Hercules. Condemned to the cloth, he said, by family considerations, he wore the gown with as much gaiety, and as little restraint, as possible. Among other things, the indiscreet Chaplain related to my mother, who was no enemy to similar anecdotes, was, an account of the sudden dismissal of a certain Genevese, the pretty chambermaid to an old virgin of fifty, with whom Desforts boarded. In spite of the veil which Cambert had endeavoured to cast over this little story, my ears were too quick to lose the most trifling circumstance, and my ideas too acute to attribute the chambermaid's dismissal to motives of mere prudence. This gallantry of Desforts, often re-

peated after dinner, by my Mentor, made me very impatient to see the hero of the piece. At last the Paris of this subaltern Helen, was brought by Cambert, to our house. He made his appearance with his hawking-bag at his side, a gun on his shoulder, his hair tucked up under a silk net, and a green cap on his head, which gave the Canon the air of a dragoon. A neat coloured gaiter shewed his well-made leg to advantage. I thought it was my eldest brother I saw ! but we shall presently see it was not the proud *Hypolitus*. I shall pass over many circumstances, that would be but little interesting to that class of readers, which I am whimsical enough to be desirous of pleasing. I shall even come, without farther preamble, to the confession :— that during the week Desforts passed at our house, he never once said his prayers ; and that long before the week was completed, he had the art, in a thick arbour, in a retired part of the park, to put the finishing hand to that education, which the stupid Chaplain, like a novice as he was, had so well begun, only to give another the glory of completing.

They, whom the villainy of such men as Desforts, has reduced to a similar situation with myself, know by what methods an artful seducer works on the mind of a young girl, in order
to

to overcome her prejudices, and to sap her principles; and will consequently not be astonished at seeing a scholar of my disposition "prepared as I was by poor Cambert, as well as by Nature, whose voice was so powerful within me," to speedily arrive at the decisive lesson.

A neat gave the Canon the air of a dragon. A colored paper showed his well-made leg to advantage. I thought it was my eldest brother I saw, but we shall presently see it was not the great Hypocrite. I shall pass over many circumstances, that would be but little interesting to that class of readers, which I am whimsical enough to be desirous of pleasing. I shall even come without farther preamble, to the conclusion:—that during the week Desforts passed at our house, he never once laid his fingers, and that long before the week was completed, he had the art in a quick and easy manner, in a retired part of the park, to put the finishing hand to that education, which the rapid Chaplain, like a novice as he was, had so well begun, only to give another the glory of completing.

There, whom the villainy of such men as Desforts, has reduced to a similar situation with myself, know by what methods an artificial education works on the mind of a young girl, in order to

ner, which men employ to a poor girl, who only starts objections, for mere form's sake. After three days reprieve of the notorious lesson in the airport at the bottom of the park, at a time when every body thought Desforts in the *I have, at first, some frivolous Scruples—make a new Acquaintance, who quiets them, and initiates me into Mysteries which give the last Polish to my Education.*

MY first adventure, thus heroically terminated with the amiable Prebend—I began to reflect. The Chambermaid's misfortune came fresh into my mind—I say afresh, because I had already proposed some difficulties on that point, to the formidable sportsman; and had articulated the words—Disgrace, Consequences, &c. at the moment of his most daring attacks. But he had answered me very cavalierly, at a time when I was not in a condition to reply; “That, indeed, he had been formerly a novice; but that a young Prelate, whose *Grand Vicar* he was shortly to be, had severely reprimanded him for the effects of his inexperience, and had given him such lessons, as would prevent him in future from running the risk of incurring a similar disgrace. I endeavoured to murmur a feeble reply, but he stopped my mouth, in that effectual man-

ner, which men employ to a poor girl, who only starts objections, for mere form's sake. After three days repetition of the amorous lesson in the arbour at the bottom of the park, at a time when every body thought Desforts in the field in pursuit of his game; and while Cam- bert, shut up with my mother, was making wise comments on some Chapter of the "*Rustic Family*," my lover returned to town to discharge the functions of his office; after promising me to pass a fortnight with us, as soon as his affairs would permit him.

It will be easily believed, that I saw him depart with regret. To that regret succeeded—I dare not say—remorse. The Casuist who had just left me, was too deeply skilled in the art of removing the scruples and anxiety of a girl, who was already better versed in practice than in theory, to suffer her to be a prey to such a troublesome sensation; but I experienced more serious alarms, which, in the course of a few days, augmented to such a degree, that my health must have been materially affected, if my good fate had not very speedily procured me the visit of another person, who was thoroughly capable of extracting the thorns of repentance and apprehension from the roses of pleasure.

Mademoiselle de Champville was a lass of five and twenty, tall, insinuating, and artful—her tone was the tone of decision, and issued from a mind, conscious of its own knowledge and experience. She owed her education to an uncle, who bore the character of a philosopher—a character often bestowed, but rarely merited. All the female dragons of virtue in the country, exhaled the venom of their tongues against this poor girl's reputation. But their clamours were only founded on suspicion; for she had always possessed so much skill and prudence, as never to furnish them with those proofs, which afford striking evidence—to whoever can see,— of a young creature's irregularities. And, indeed, for the space of several years, she had been so circumspect in her conduct, as not to have afforded the least food for scandal. If, in an indiscreet fit of coquetry, Champville had not forgotten herself so far, as to prefer the giddiness of a chattering officer, to the impenetrable prudence of a Priest, she might have died without a spot on her reputation. But a few years before our acquaintance commenced, she had given rise to some scandalous anecdotes, by her nocturnal perambulations, with several Chaplains of a regiment, which for six months that it was quartered in the town, had supplanted the Dean and Chapter. However, Champville,

who

who never kept a secret from me, during our long connection, always assured me, that the reports on that affair, were all founded in pure calumny.

It was from this girl, who is now the *real* wife of an old officer, who was in search of a place, that I learnt, in the sequel, the whole of that little system of morality, by which I regulated my subsequent conduct. I must beg the reader to be particularly attentive to the contents of this Chapter; as it is only by that means he will be able to perceive, to what a degree this obliging creature employed her experience in my favour; and he will be thoroughly convinced, that Champville possessed the double talent of giving consolation and good advice.— During the residence of this female philosopher at our house, one evening, as we were walking together in the park, a long silence on my part, so unusual to one of my age and sex, induced her to fix me with that eagle's eye, which discovers to a woman of experience, the secret of another. She exclaimed of a sudden, "Pray, my little friend, is it my age, or any thing remarkably prudish in my look, that makes you wear this air of confusion? Was any one to see you walking at my side, with that look of constraint, they would conclude I was some austere Duenna,

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set to watch your motions by an old guardian, or an envious mother. Come, my dear, own now, that if you could meet with a friend, in whom you dared to confide, your little heart would be greatly consoled!" At these words a sigh escaped me. "That's right," replied Champville, "one other effort, my Julia! I plainly saw you wanted to open your mind; and as I have not met a single female face here, except your mamma's fat maid, to whom you could possibly address yourself, I apprehend your little secret still sits heavy on your heart. One woman, my dear Julia, is always sure of another's discretion, when their confidence is mutual. To open me a road to *your* heart, I will begin by disclosing the secrets of my own." While she spoke thus, she looked me full in the face. An expressive smile betrayed my thoughts—I embraced my new friend, with as much warmth as ever one woman embraced another. My whole countenance informed her, that her confidence would be repaid with a return. She proceeded as follows.—

"A woman of sound sense, who is not possessed of a fortune, should not pay an unjust tribute to society, by too rigorous a respect for its prejudices. But she is often compelled, as it were, to pay a tribute to Nature, by setting out

on

on her career of gallantry, with a *penchant* truly romantic and *exclusive*. If she finds herself deceived, as she never fails to do—or if the folly of her attachment is proved to her by any other means, then her inclination to tenderness becomes systematic, and is ever after the result of reflection. These, my dear, are terms, which, as you are very young, it may be necessary to explain to you.

For a girl of tolerable figure, and prudence, as I was, but more particularly for one of your beauty and understanding, the shortest follies are always the best; especially if it be decreed by Fate, that her fortune must be the work of her own hands. It is doubtless a misfortune, my dear Julia; but the world has established its necessity. It is only the woman of wealth and independence that can entertain a serious passion without making herself an object of ridicule or censure. Riches, now-a-days, have an exclusive patent for folly and imprudence: a conduct that would damn the reputation of a woman in a private sphere of life, would be considered as a meritorious feather in the cap of a duchess. A beauty in indigence should be guided by the most cautious circumspection; every step she takes, like the motions of an able politician, should be sanctioned by the importance of the object

object it is designed to promote. Before a young woman makes her entrance into society, it is absolutely necessary, that she should be acquainted with its arts and mysteries; and, in order to succeed, she should be initiated very early in life.—The reason, my dear, is very simple. In our sex, the spring is the time for harvest.”—I listened to Champville with surprise; not that I did not perfectly comprehend her, but her frankness petrified me with astonishment. She did not, however, utter a single syllable that was not written before in my own little brain. Before we parted, Champville had communicated to me, as I thought, every circumstance of her life. I accordingly returned her confidence with equal candour. When I came to the scene of the Park—“Aih! aih!” cried she, “what giddiness!” I was confounded with surprise and dread!—“Don’t be alarmed,” said she, “I know Desforts.—It will be attended with no bad consequences; it will only lay us under the necessity of deceiving my lord.”—“My lord!”—“Yes indeed, my lord!”—“I would not for the world”—“Childishness, pure childishness! I am certain you will have no objection to do what will be agreeable, and of solid utility to you.”

It would be superfluous to present the reader with the further particulars of this conversation, which was meant to prepare me for an adventure, the nature of which he will easily conjecture. I shall content myself with telling him, that in less than two months after, I was conveyed to this capital, and put in possession of an apartment in the outward part of a convent, in the Fauxbourg de * * *.

The nobleman, whom Champville had mentioned in her conversation with me, found means to obtain my mother's consent, that I should pass some time in the same convent with a Countess, whom, he said, was his sister; and who was superintending, as he made my mother believe, the education of an only daughter, who had the best masters of all kinds, whose lessons I was to partake of.

The death of Mademoiselle de Champville's uncle, about the same time, made her her own mistress; she came to join me. My family, penetrated with gratitude and veneration for the man they regarded as my benefactor was convinced that his interest had procured me a pension. My younger brother soon completed his course of studies; he was sent to a seminary in Paris, where he had not been three months before

fore he was provided with a benefice. My family admired my abilities, and my good fortune, and returned their thanks to Providence. The good people of the country, who have not even an idea of the resources of the capital, loaded me with benedictions, and looked on me as the tutelary divinity of my whole kindred. My father, who was somewhat better versed in the manners of the metropolis, took it in his head to express doubts that ill became a man who had abandoned his children to Providence, and their own good genius. He was angry at the idea that I should establish my fortune by the same means that he had employed to ruin his own. Champville did not fail to make me remark the good man's inconsistency; and she had no occasion to repeat her reflections often, in order to render him, in my eyes, extremely ridiculous.

CHAP.

My father, who was provided with a handsome fortune, and my mother, who was distinguished by her talents and her virtues, were the only persons of the country, who have not even the reputation of being rich. *An unexpected Rencontre, and a Connection, that will prove of Consequence in the Sequel.*

IT is necessary, here, to present the reader with a slight sketch of my brother, the Abbé. He was tall and well made, but awkward and clownish; born without passions, and with so small a portion of common sense, that occurrences which were plain to the most vulgar understanding, were to him inexplicable mysteries. He alternately paid me a visit, and made his court to my lord. The Prelate so devoutly exhorted him to decency and piety, that the poor lad looked on him as one of the fathers of the church. He paid a laborious attention to the discipline of the schools, thinking thereby to recommend himself to the favour of his patron. No Jesuit, at his age, ever possessed a greater stock of arguments and idiotism. In fact, I was sorry for it; for a lad of his figure might certainly have found other resources to enable him to make his way in the world; but as I was apt to philosophise, and had adopted, after the

VOL. I. D example

example of Champville, the principles of an optimist, I consoled myself with the idea, that, throughout the family, every thing was for the best, not even excepting my own situation.

One day, the Abbé came to tell me, that he had just discovered our brother, the Baron. The reader will recollect that he was older than us, and by another mother. He had for some years past broke off all commerce with his family, and lived, as well as he could, on the small part of his mother's portion, which he had been able to get out of my father's hands, without having recourse to the law.

The Abbé said, that that very morning he had seen the Baron, in a singular situation. His eyes still dazzled with what he had seen, he entered into a most pompous and elaborate description, which he delivered in so confused a manner, that I could scarcely comprehend his meaning. He talked of an equipage, of a princess, and of a grand livery. I begged him to compose himself a little, and to render his account more intelligible. All the information, however, I could possibly draw from him, was, that he had discovered the Baron, by means of his servant, whom he recollected as he saw him standing at the door of a hotel; that he had paid

paid him a visit, and the moment before he left him, a beautiful young lady, richly dressed, alighted from a brilliant carriage, and, followed by several lacquies, entered his apartment. The only consequence that the Licentiate drew from all this, was, that his brother had introduced himself into the best company, and had, by his personal merit, so far insinuated himself into the good graces of some woman of fashion, as to induce her to go to his lodgings for the purpose of offering him her protection.—I was seized with a fit of curiosity at this relation, so powerful, as to deprive me of reflection ; I immediately ordered a coach to be sent for, and having dismissed the Abbé, threw myself into it, and in less than five minutes alighted at the Baron's hotel. As I approached the door, I was charmed at seeing a carriage, which I judged to be the same as the Abbé had described to me. I asked for the Baron, and was told, that he lived on the first floor. A strange footman presented himself in the anti-chamber, and told me that his master was not visible. I answered in a decisive tone, that I was his sister, and must see him instantly on a matter of great importance. The lacquey was positive, and I was equally so. During this short altercation, my brother and the lady, who was with him, seemed to raise their voices by degrees, when I overheard some

expressions of my brother, that convinced me he did not treat his princess with much respect. Suddenly the door opened, and discovered a very pretty woman, whose features were animated with anger. The Baron, who had opened it, was not much cooler himself. "Ah! traitor!" said she, when she saw me; and after this exclamation, the *belle* directed her steps towards me. She appeared so enraged, and so resolute, that I hastened to tell her that I did not believe I had the honour of being known to her. She answered me with some compliments, that were not much to the purpose; but my brother put a stop to them by bursting into a loud laugh, that quite confounded me.

"Pray walk in, ladies," said he, with a sudden composure of countenance: "my sister, whom I did not know was at Paris, would have reason to entertain a bad opinion of me, if she saw me quit a handsome woman in so abrupt a manner. She will be kind enough to—" "Your sister, monster!"—"Yes, madam," said I, with a tone of authority, "I am his sister; without that title I should not have been seen in these apartments." The manner in which I pronounced these last words, disconcerted the person they were addressed to. "In that case, madam," replied she, "you have a monster in
your

your family." "I perceive, Sir," said I to the Baron, "that I have chosen an improper time for my visit;" and at the same moment made a motion to retire; but the *belle* had gained the door before me, and darted down the staircase like lightning. When I heard this heroine's carriage drive off, "Upon my honour," said I, "my dear brother, I could not have expected to find you in such company!—The Abbé, who called on me this morning—" "Yes, my discreet sister, it is true, the Abbé did stumble upon me this morning, and this lady came in while he was here—" "But," interrupted I, "who can this woman be?" "Sister," replied the Baron drily, "for these last four years, that I have not set foot in my father's house, you cannot have perceived in me the least inclination to be acquainted with your secrets: circumstances, however, have transpired—all I ask of you, in return for this discretion, is to respect mine."—"You insult me, brother"—"Tis not my intention."—"Ah! my poor friend, I shrewdly suspect that—" He did not give me time to finish my sentence. "A truce to this subject, my prudent sister! and let me know what has procured me the very unexpected pleasure of seeing you."

“By what the poor Abbé told me this morning, it was not very difficult to perceive what kind of life you was leading; and my friendship—” “Hold, Julia, go no further; hypocrisy is luckily dispensed with in the army; it is sufficient for us, in certain points, not to be dupes; we are only accountable to society for our honour and courage. You are surely not simple enough, to set up for my tutor, like that great booby of an Abbé, whom you have undertaken to make a grand vicar!” “Every word you say, brother, is an insult to me”—“What, you are angry, Miss!—Take care lest the warmth of your repartees make me more than barely *suspect*—I am polite enough to stop there, don’t oblige me to go further.”—After this ironical speech, the Baron rang his bell. “The reputation of my lodgings, my dear sister, is so generally known, that I must request you to make as short a stay in them as possible. Let me speak plain—I am a downright libertine; at least my kind parents have made me pass for such, and it is not written on your forehead that you are my respectable sister.”—“Say at once, Sir, that my company is disagreeable to you; if not, why send me away?”—“I have just told you the reason;—the world, who only requires justice and courage from me, exacts from you prudence and reserve.”—But why do you repeat
se

so often?"—"Hush, sister, hush! you are in the power of a father and mother; I have neither one nor the other, or, what amounts to the same thing, they have an authority over you, I have none—Adieu, let us never see each other more."

The servant came in; in his presence the Baron assumed the tone of affection, and politely offering me his hand led me to the carriage, without my having the courage to make a reply. I departed with tears in my eyes, and returned to my convent.

CHAP.

CH A P. IV.

Unexpected Light thrown upon the last Chapter.

THE prudent Champville was waiting dinner for me in my apartment, and began to be very uneasy at my absence. In opening the door, the nun, who performed the office of porter, put a card into my hand, on which was written the name of D'Orvigny. This man's visit, whom I had a very slight acquaintance with in the country, afforded me less pleasure than surprise. I put the card in my pocket, and never thought of mentioning the circumstance to my companion. I told her every thing that had passed between the Baron and me. As Champville perceived I was considerably affected, when I had finished my recital, she exclaimed, "Why your brother is infatuated with the prejudices of the times of Queen Bertha!—But tell me, my dear, what could induce you to run after this knight-errant?—He will never make his way in the world!—I perceived, some years ago, when I knew him at —, that he would never turn out well. He has been through a regular

gular course of romances with some little milliners of the place, who have luckily refused to accept his hand. Arrived in Paris, I suppose the gentleman has become the favourite of some high-flown kept-mistress!—Poor man!—with his figure, and a little more skill in intrigue, he might have succeeded with Duchesses!—While young, he will be always giddy and inconsiderate—when farther advanced in life, he will become a beggar, and melancholy; and, when old, he will retire, on a trifling pension, to some obscure village, where he will grumble for the remainder of his days, and swear that there are no resources in Paris for men of honour; when the fact is, that there are none but fools who are at a loss for them.”

While I lent an attentive ear to this discourse, I could not refrain from sighing; which Champville observing, she told me, that if I did not mean to become a dupe, I must get rid of my tenderness for my brother. “ Luckily,” said she, “ here is something to take off your attention a little.”—In saying this, my artful companion removed a piece of green silk, that covered a parcel which lay on a table in the dressing-room, where we had retired, to talk at our ease, without being overheard by the maid. I then perceived several rolls of stuffs, for all seasons.

sons, in the newest taste, with every necessary trimming and ornament. — “What does this mean?” said I.—“Nothing, nothing,” replied Champville, with a significant smile; “it is only a commission for the country, that his lordship’s sister sent here by—” “By who pray?”—“By who do you think?—by that great puffed-up Abbé, who is my lord’s agent for secret affairs. What think you of this bundle of silks? Observe, that several articles are double.” “I guess at the intention, my dear friend; and must beg you will take your choice.” “That choice will not be difficult to make: The colours, whose gravity favours a little of reform, must fall to my share: All those stuffs that are lively and brilliant, as your youth, are yours by right; they would look but ill upon me, and would give me an air of pretension but ill suited to my age, and which renders every woman ridiculous who assumes it at my time of life.—Besides, they would be incompatible with that character of decent propriety which our present plan prescribes to us both.”——As I examined all the articles of this elegant and numerous assortment, the colour returned to my cheeks, and the smile again appeared on my lips. It was not till after I had visited the whole, and commented on each object, that I drew Monsieur D’Orvigny’s card from my pocket.—“*Apropos*,” said I to Champville,

ville, "explain to me, if you can, the meaning of this visit?"—"D'Orvigny!—excellent young man!"—"Aukward booby, rather!" said I.—"That he most certainly is," replied she, "but every booby has his use—an amiable young creature like you, should always behave with civility to a blockhead of his disposition."

—“I do not see for what.”—“What then, my dear, do not you think he would do for a husband some day or other, should circumstances render it absolutely necessary to take one?—

"When I have a sincere regard for any one, my prudence forgoes and extends to every thing.—

“Hear me—this D’Orvigny is one of the most stupid gentlemen in all our neighbourhood. I was his confidante, unknown to you, at the time I first entertained the idea of becoming your guide. Some months ago, I advised you to attach yourself to a priest:—our honour is dearer to men of that class, than to ourselves. They solicit—nay even pay us for our discretion; and the last stamp may one day be put on our reputation in a manner irrevocable and sure, by marrying a blockhead, whom we have had the art to keep off, as long as our interest required it, and whose hand we deign to accept when the days of repentance or disgust come on.

dimity pocket—"deposited," said I to Chamberlain, that I drew Monsieur D'Ovingny's card

"Timid, as all weak men are, D'Orvigny was your lover, without declaring himself; at least, he only declared himself to me; and I did not think proper to disclose it to you, till I should see you reasonable and steady. You are at length become so:—You must bear with this man.—It is true, my dear friend, he is not very handsome, but nobody expects you to adore him; that indeed would be difficult: but, thanks to an enlightened age! a woman is now a-days completely excused from having the least affection for her husband."

At this part of our conversation, the maid came to tell us that dinner was served. We had scarcely risen from table when the porter came up to let us know there was a young lady below, that she had never seen before, who begged very earnestly to speak to me. The good sister told me that she had asked her name, but the lady answered, that I did not expect her visit. I begged she might be shewn up—but how great was my astonishment, when the lady whom I had seen in the morning at my brother's, entered the room.—"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss," said she, as she came in. "I find the Baron told me truth, this morning; for when I asked for you below, by the name of his sister"—She could not proceed. Recovered from my astonishment,

I was

I was on the point of interrupting her with severity, when Champville prevented me. On her first entrance she had only seen *me*, but before the conclusion of her phrase, her eyes had met Champville's, and were instantly filled with tears. Champville having glanced on her at the same time, each ran to the other, and they embraced with mutual warmth. I remained confounded and stupified. "Ah! my poor cousin!" said Champville, "my Theresa, my friend! in what a situation do I now see you!"—"Be not too rash in judging."—"But did not you come in your own carriage?—besides, you are so richly dressed!—fortune surely has been very kind to you."—"Alas!" replied Theresa, in a sorrowful accent, "wisdom and happiness are far preferable to the smiles of Fortune; but happiness is no longer mine! My sole intention, in coming here, was to interest that lady in my favour, by the most candid confession.—Champville," said she, affectionately squeezing her hand, "I certainly need not be deterred from my purpose, by your presence."

I took the fair incognita by the hand, and begged her to proceed; assuring her I should take a sincere interest in every thing that concerned her. She proceeded as follows.

CHAP. V.

History of THERESA MAUPIN.

"AFTER what you have just seen, Miss, you may guess that I come from the same town as Mademoiselle de Champville. If I had not the honour of knowing you, nor of being known to you, it was because you inhabited a house, which, though not far distant from the place of my birth, you scarcely ever quitted, in order to visit the town.—But as every trifle makes a noise in the country, where people's ears are always open, I need only mention my name, to bring the beginning of my history to your recollection; I am Theresa Maupin."—"What!" said I, interrupting her, "the pretty Theresa Maupin, of whom my brother—?" "Yes," pursued the young lady, with downcast eyes, "the same unfortunate Theresa, who fondly thought herself beloved, and who, in spite of appearances, before the conclusion of her story, will excite your compassion, and perhaps your esteem. Since you are not ignorant, Miss, that the Baron was my lover, it would be useless to enter into the particulars of our first acquaintance, and

and of that secret connection, which subsisted nearly two years. You know, as well as myself, that the habitual and imperious calculations of pride and interest, must have deprived us of the hope of being ever united. I was mistress of some few attractions; but my birth was humble, and I was the youngest of five children, in a family that had but a comfortable subsistence. The Baron has but little fortune to support his title. Under these circumstances, we ought to have smothered our mutual inclination. But we did the very reverse. Your brother appeared to entertain for me the most sincere, the most ardent affection. I adored him. He obtained all the proofs he could desire of my attachment. But I had not long given them, before I found the necessity of concealing their consequences from my family. With that view I came to Paris: the Baron joined me on the road, at Soissons. He had provided, as well as he could, every thing that was necessary for our journey; and I ever found him tender and faithful, till sometime after I had given birth to a charming infant, to which he gave the name of Julia, because it was the name of a sister, for whom, he said, he had the greatest affection. I have often shed tears of tenderness and joy, at seeing my lover take in his arms the fruit of our blind and indiscreet passions. That sweet emotion I so

frequently experienced, suspended the dreadful ideas, that the certainty of soon being reduced to extreme want, naturally inspired. My cousin Champville knows that I am industrious, and tolerably skilful. Great pains were taken with my education; and I understand painting and music, sufficiently well, to derive, on occasion, some advantage from my talents.—My thoughts were employed on the means of procuring a subsistence without risking a discovery, when an extraordinary accident, which, at first, seem destined to save us, came to plunge us in the gulph of misfortune.”—Here Theresa made a pause, to give vent to her tears—Champville and myself were listening with such extreme attention, that we did not break the silence, till Theresa had recovered herself sufficiently to be able to proceed; which she did in the following terms, “One day the Baron, who had not been long gone out upon business, returned home much sooner than I expected. “My dear Theresa,” said he, on approaching me, “Heaven never abandons honour and innocence! Here is a trifling proof of it for the present; I have others to relate to you—But where is our dear infant?—The pleasure I shall have in imparting to you such happy news, will neither be pure nor complete till I have embraced my child!” I ordered her to be brought—The Baron pressed her

her to his heart, and having joined her innocent hands, he lifted them towards Heaven, saying, "Dearest infant! return thanks to your benefactor; for it is thy innocence that draws down his paternal looks upon thy parents." After these words, that drew tears from our eyes, I experienced the utmost impatience to know what the Baron had to impart to me. He told me to lock up a purse, that he held in his hand, and which contained a hundred louis-d'or.—"What mortal, or rather what god, my dear, has sent you this sum? In our present situation it is a treasure."—"You will soon see, my Theresa," said the Baron, the feeling and strange mortal whom chance, or rather Providence, in pity to my despair, threw in my way this morning. When I left home, I was pensive and melancholy; you must certainly have perceived it, in spite of the efforts I made to conceal my feelings. But perhaps you was not aware that I put a part of the little money that we had remaining, in my purse. I have ever held in detestation and abhorrence those places of resort, where avarice and *deceit* lie lurking, to prey on youth and inexperience. I think the gamester who draws a man into play, an object more worthy our hatred and indignation than the highwayman who stops him on the road. But despair, my Theresa, despair is the worst of all advisers! Yield-

ing to its fatal inspirations, I was on the threshold of a gaming-house, when a man presented himself to me. As the weather is remarkably severe, he was wrapped up in a large pelisse, that covered him from head to foot, and prevented me from knowing him; but I soon recollected his face. I will tell you his birth, country, and fortune, after I shall have made his generosity known to you.—“Where are you going, my young friend?” said he. “Your steps are precipitate, and your looks bear the marks of trouble and melancholy!” I answered him by an affectionate squeeze of the hand. We entered a public garden at a little distance from thence, where, after some hesitation, I opened my whole heart to him, and of course told him of our present deplorable situation. He answered me very gravely, that he did not think our misfortunes so irreparable. “Friendship, my dear Baron,” said he, “is the sister of Love, and her’s is the office of consolation and assistance. I live just by; I have the good luck to be rich; I am old and unmarried. My passions are gone, my house is surrounded by a crew of greedy relations, still richer than myself. Come, my good friend, come with me, and do me the pleasure and justice to partake of my good fortune.” It is from this man, no less singular than generous, that I received

ceived the hundred louis I have just given you. Your brother deferred telling me many other particulars till after I had seen our benefactor. He only added, that his name was Simpson; that he was an Englishman; that he was a man of family, and at least sixty years old. We sat down to table, and as soon as dinner was over, the Baron went out, assuring me that he should soon return with his friend. Accordingly, about nine o'clock, he came back, accompanied by an old man whose figure merits description. Mr. Simpson is about five feet ten inches high; his head is bald, his features are open, and bear the marks of moderation and serenity, in spite of some scars, and the traces of a life formerly passed in all the excesses of impetuous youth; he still takes a delight in the pleasures of his friends, which is not embittered by any reflections on his own incapacity to enjoy them. Through strong traits of originality, it is easy to perceive that he has lived in the fashionable world, and that he has a thorough knowledge of mankind, whom the goodness of his heart leads him to cherish, though his experience prevents him from sincerely esteeming them. One soon perceives that Simpson does good, as it were, from habit, and by way of usefully employing that superfluous money which he formerly appropriated to his pleasures, and I firmly believe him

him when he says that its present employment procures him more true gratification than he ever experienced from it in the days of his youth. "My fair lady," said the old gentleman, as he entered the room, "I had the good luck to meet the Baron this morning; it is to this fortunate rencontre that I am indebted for the pleasure of seeing that he has made a good choice." "Sir," replied I—I was so affected that I could not proceed.—"You will permit me," said he, "to be seated without farther ceremony, that I may congratulate you both at my ease. I am no longer young; I have had a long walk. Let the weather be ever so bad, I never make use of a carriage."—The old gentleman staid supper with us, and took great notice of the child. It was with great difficulty the Baron could persuade him to suffer him to see him home. When he came back, he told me that his old friend would dine with us the next day. During several days, this generous man, whose appearance of singularity soon disappeared, scarcely ever quitted us.—One night when the Baron was from home, he addressed me in these terms: "My dear Baronness," for so he always stiled me, "you must absolutely condescend to grant me a favour in consideration of my former acquaintance with the Baron."—"Your generous friendship, Sir, has too many claims."—"Don't let us talk of that;

that, I have no claim, and do no favour to any man when I do myself pleasure. What I wish to obtain from you, Madam, will be a real favour, as it will be the means of procuring me a satisfaction that my heart enjoys. Advanced as I am in life, become sober and tranquil from reflection and inclination, I have perhaps found in that an efficacious balm to prolong the days of a man of my happy constitution;—you must permit me to adopt little Julia.”—“Adopt her,—Sir!”—“Softly; do not be alarmed, my dear Madam: in permitting me to call her my daughter, I do not mean that you shall give up the prerogative of a mother. She shall never be taken from you; only be kind enough, as she learns to talk, to accustom her to call me Grandpapa.” After this sally of kindness, Simpson began laughing, so that I took what he had been saying as a mere joke. Just at this moment the Baron came in. After having supped with us, this benevolent original took his leave as on the preceding days. It is necessary to observe to you, that this mortal, whose portrait I shall finish by saying that he was free as air, and just as the Deity, having nothing to fix him but his inclinations, was a constant inhabitant of the various hotels in this metropolis, and had the evening before secured the principal apartment in that where we lodged.—So little

did



did I think that Simpson was serious in his request to me the evening before in your brother's absence, that I had not even mentioned it to the Baron. The next day the old gentleman walked out very early, and did not return till dinner time. When he entered the dining-room, he had a parcel in his hand. "Baron," said he to your brother, "here are some papers that I do not chuse to trust to any one but yourself; we are too good friends to give you the least reason to suspect that I wish to quit you soon; but should I find myself compelled to it, should death,— In short, take them into your possession, and promise me to deliver them according to their address." The Baron looked at Simpson with surprise. "Although you are an Englishman," said he, "my dear friend, you express yourself with a serenity that forbids me to entertain the gloomy idea that—" "No, no, my friend, thanks to Heaven, I have a sound mind, and a contented heart. I am not infected with the rage of my countrymen.—Suffer the Baronness to lock up the papers. In due time and place, that is to say, if we should separate, she has, in your default, my power of attorney to authorize her to open it, and to send the contents to their destination, which you will find inclosed. Grant me what I earnestly request of you; and let us, if you please, drop the subject." From that day,

ladies,

ladies, Simpson desired to be regularly admitted into our family. He bought a carriage, which is that I now make use of. Every thing went on smoothly till the day before yesterday. In order to give you a just idea of the circumstance that has troubled those days that were beginning to wear a face of serenity, it is necessary to explain to you several previous particulars.—A short time after Simpson's generosity had established our house, or, to speak more properly, his own, my child began to wean of her own accord. The Baron appeared anxious that I should partake of the amusements which our old friend was eager to procure for me. Indeed he did not omit any thing that could render my life easy and agreeable. I appeared every where, by the Baron's particular desire, under the name of his wife. Forgotten by my family, as he appeared to be entirely forgotten by his, we should have both continued to enjoy uninterrupted peace and happiness under the auspices of our adopted father, for so Simpson amicably insisted on being called, had not a foreign and extravagant passion interfered to disturb our repose. I had some time before this perceived that the Baron had renewed his acquaintance with a certain Viscount de Malleville, an old brother officer; but I never could have imagined that this man was the secret author of the unhappiness

ness I now experience, but for the letter that has fallen into my hands. I never could have believed that the Baron, that the father of the innocent Julia, could forget me for—another woman, and, at the same time, by the most strange inconsistency, give way to a jealousy founded in madness, and injurious to friendship. I durst not give credit to it, till I had the deplorable and fatal proofs in my possession.

“Since your brother, Miss, has renewed his intimacy with Malleville, I perceived by degrees that he went out oftner than usual, staid longer, and returned much later, nay, sometimes he has passed the whole night abroad. He became absent, peevish, and gloomy. My endeavours to penetrate the secret of this change in his conduct were fruitless; nor was his friend more successful. Nevertheless, when he imagined that I did not perceive him, he often stole to the nursery to caress the child. Her nurse told me, only yesterday, that she had sometimes observed his eyes filled with tears, which, at my approach, he immediately wiped away. I mourned in secret, during some days, at seeing the Baron in this gloomy and violent state of mind. In short, it is now three days since he disappeared, and it was only yesterday evening that I awaked from a long trance, at learning from

one of Simpson's servants, that he had seen him going into the Hotel de * * *, and that having enquired of the porter, he found that he had lodged there from the time he had left home. I requested this man to keep the discovery he had made a profound secret from his master for two or three days ; I hoped in that time to induce the Baron to return home. In this hope I went this morning to his hotel, but could not get the least explanation from him. On the contrary, I experienced the most cruel treatment from him, in a strain of bantering that was at once insulting and unintelligible. My heart, almost broken with grief, I was preparing to leave him, Miss, as you arrived ; you know the rest. I again reiterate the excuses."—In this part of her story, I went up to Theresa, and affectionately pressed her to my heart. Encouraged by this first mark of affection, she proceeded.—“ On my return home, I went to my chamber, and from thence to a closet that was contiguous, in order to indulge my grief without restraint. I perceived a paper on the ground underneath the wardrobe that contained the Baron's cloaths. I took it up, and opened it. Here, Miss, is this fatal paper. It is a letter from Malleville. Deign to cast your eyes on it.”—Champville took the letter from Theresa, and read it.—These were its contents——

“ Thy virtuous princess, my friend, is cer-
 “ tainly not what you take her to be. As for
 “ your old Grey-beard, he is a refined hypo-
 “ crite, who deceives nobody but yourself.
 “ Call at my house, I have convincing proof
 “ that it is not without reason the world looks
 “ on him as the keeper of your belle. This
 “ opinion does not place you in a very favour-
 “ able light. Call on me, therefore, without
 “ delay, that I may point out to you the means
 “ of effectually removing such a stigma from
 “ your character.—Little Flora is certainly less
 “ romantic than your Dulcinea, but she is
 “ more amusing. She has also another merit,
 “ which is, that she does not pass for what she
 “ is not. With her you will run no risk of
 “ being either duped or traduced. Adieu.

“ Your’s,

“ MALLEVILLE.”

While Champville was reading the letter
 aloud, poor Theresa burst into tears, and sobbed
 as if her heart was breaking. “ What monsters !”
 cried Champville when she had finished the
 letter ; “ what monsters men are ! They are
 pretty beings, to be sure, to have an affection
 for !—” At these last words Theresa was near
 fainting. We hastened to unlace her. She
 repeated her excuses to me for having suspected,
 in

in the moments of despair, that I was *this same* Flora. She then represented, with energy, her unfortunate affection for the ungrateful Baron.—When she was somewhat recovered, she told us, that the most delicate and disagreeable part of her situation, was, that she neither would, nor could prevail upon herself, to inform Simpson to what a degree her extravagant lover insulted the most generous and the most extraordinary friendship. “I should lose him,” said she, “in the good opinion of his friend; and what would then become of our unfortunate infant!—Deign, ladies, deign to assist and advise me. Alas! was I the only sufferer by his ingratitude, I could bear it with patience and resignation.”

C H A P. VI.

*A Visit that puts a stop to our Grief, and occasions
a total Change in my Sentiments.*

CHAMPVILLE's sensibility, if one may apply that name to the manner in which she was affected, manifested itself by indignation and anger. For my part I wept, in good earnest, with Theresa. We were all three in this situation, when a servant announced the arrival of the Bishop, who was then alighting from his carriage. We hastened to compose ourselves. Theresa, who was the most affected, was desirous of escaping; but she had not the time. My Lord was already at the top of the stair-case, and the folding-doors opened to let him in, as she rose from her chair. Possessed of more presence of mind than we were, "Ah! my Lord," exclaimed Champville, "we have just been reading the most affecting novel! It has made us cry like three mad women." His Lordship appeared surprized. He muttered some words of an excuse, looking at Theresa, as I thought, with eyes of simple astonishment, but in which the sagacious
Champville

Champville pretended to discover something very different. When we were all seated—"You are possessed of great sensibility, ladies," said the prelate, "since a fiction is capable of exciting your tears in such abundance. I am the less sorry that I came to interrupt a pleasure which began to be painful.—Well, Miss," continued he, in addressing himself to me, "but without losing sight of Theresa, how goes on the harpsichord? If I am to give credit to my niece, she makes a greater progress than you."—I answered this question with all the deference due to the blood of his Lordship. He replied by a profusion of compliments. The conversation then became general. It was short, and the prelate took his leave.

Champville went out with him. It was nearly a quarter of an hour, before she returned, during which time I endeavoured to console Theresa.—When my artful adviser came back to us, she looked as if she had something to impart to me, which Theresa perceiving, curtailed her visit, after having earnestly recommended her little Julia to my protection, whatever might be the issue of her unhappy adventure.

Mademoiselle Maupin's back was scarcely turned, before Champville, in a tone that I knew not how to reconcile with the indignation she had at first expressed, asked me, what I thought of *the creature*? "I pity her," answered I;—"and you are not the only one. The Bishop suspected something, and was very much affected himself."—"I am very glad to hear it," answered I; "perhaps the poor girl—" No, Miss, no; I am not so easily duped. This emotion of the Bishop's, like many other fits of compassion that I have seen in him, may very possibly degenerate.—What a child you are! Is it possible that you can be so little versed in the arts of your sex, and of the present age! It is true, Theresa is an excellent comedian, and but for my reflections on the consequences of the prelate's compassion which restored me to my senses, I might have myself been a dupe to her romantic despair. But I recollected apropos that we were at Paris. When a woman has lived a short time in this city, her mind is no longer governed by her heart, nor even by her passions; her conduct becomes measured and systematic. If, by chance, some sudden caprice should make her, for an instant, lose sight of the object they all have in view,—the spirit of interest, the only passion that is reasonable, necessary, and solid, will

see

soon bring her back to it. I have too much penetration to believe, like your jealous-pated brother, that Theresa sticks by the old fool of an Englishman, through inclination or complaisance. But—" Here Champville shook her head very sagaciously.—"What," replied I, "do you suppose that young creature capable of duping them both?" "To be sure I do," said she. "*Entre nous*, I heartily wish you was mistress of a few of that chicken's talents, that you might, on occasion, play off the grand pathetic, so necessary in certain scenes, which a pretty woman, some time or other, is sure of being engaged in." Champville made use of many other arguments to prove to me that Theresa could have no claims either on my interest or compassion. To convince me that I ought rather to dread and avoid her, she offered to lay a wager, that, before the end of the week, or perhaps the very next day, this girl, whom she represented as artful and designing, would endeavour to profit by that disposition, which her skill and penetration could not have failed to remark in me.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

*I become the Means of plunging THERESA into
fresh Distress.*

WAVERING between compassion, and the first instigations of a rising jealousy, I gave myself up to profound and serious reflections on what Champville had been saying to me. Thanks to her reiterated suggestions, avarice and suspicion had become the despotic rulers of my conduct. I even went farther than Champville in my suspicions of Theresa, and attributed to her every species of artifice. I could not admit the idea that my heroic brother had so suddenly and so resolutely abandoned the object of his first flame, till he was convinced that Simpson's gold had produced, in her, the same effect that gold generally produces on all women, whose youth and beauty are their only fortune. I soon placed the unfortunate Theresa, in my own mind, on a level with myself. And as there was a possibility of her becoming my rival, I became her enemy, in my heart. I went to sleep in this disposition; and awaked with the
same

same sentiments. Champville came into my room rather early. "I bring you two articles of intelligence," said she; "the first, in confirming the good opinion you have of my penetration, may perhaps cause you some uneasiness: but the second, will furnish us with the means of getting rid of it. Yesterday, as soon as my lord was at the bottom of the stair-case, he said to the porter, Pray, sister, who is that young person that I just saw with Mademoiselle de ———. I don't know, my lord; this is the first visit she has made here.—Ah! ah! I thought she belonged to the convent.—No, my lord—Where does she come from then?—I don't know, but her carriage is at the door.—My lord then went out, and whispered something to his fat footman, who brought the parcel the day before yesterday. The man did not follow his master; but staid with Therefa's coachman. And I have just learnt, that this very morning the Abbé A—— has received orders to make enquiries in the neighbourhood, of this heroine's house.—Now, my dear, deny if you can, that I know the world. I had a presentiment of this danger, and have luckily discovered a remedy for it. It is a letter from the good man, your father, this instant arrived. It is addressed to you; but I took the liberty of opening it, in order to break the contents to
you,

you, if, as usual, it had contained some of his ridiculous and inconsistent remarks on honour and virtue."—She then read.

"I have just learnt, that Maupin's family
 "are pursuing their good-for-nothing daughter,
 "and that they have at last discovered that she
 "is living at Paris, where she passes for the
 "wife of your good-for-nothing brother. En-
 "deavour to learn the truth of the matter, by
 "means of your prelate's friends. As I fear the
 "consequences may be serious to my profligate
 "son, endeavour to get his mistress taken off,
 "and to have him shut up at St. Lazare. By
 "complying with this, which I know is in your
 "power, you will induce me to shut my eyes
 "on some parts of your conduct, that are ra-
 "ther suspicious."

"Well, my dear!" said Champville, "here
 is an opportunity of astonishing the people in
 the country by your credit, and of setting our
 minds perfectly at ease.—Do you know," said
 she, "it will be delightful to make the Bishop
 employ his authority to shut up the very girl
 we suspect him to have an inclination for; you
 have only to preserve an air of compassion, and
 leave the rest to me."

"But

"But

"But my brother!" replied I.—"No ridiculous scruples, or misplaced pity," said my adviser. "I will take care that matters shall be so managed, that he will be quit for the fear. I wish you to keep up appearances, through the whole business, and to obtain the merit of having done a good action."

I now own, with confusion, that I smiled at this discourse. "This is a plan," said I to Champvillé, "traced by the hand of a master." "Rather say of a mistress," said she, "when we take an affair in hand, we convince the masters, that, in comparison with us, they are mere scholars."—"I cannot but admire, Champvillé, the pliancy and readiness of your wit."—"My dear Julia, I feel myself inspired by the sanctity of these holy walls!" She then left me to write to our protector; and soon returned to shew me the copy of her letter.—It was conceived in the following terms.

"I have the honour, my lord, without the knowledge of my too-feeling companion, to represent to you the fears and wishes of a respectable family, plunged in affliction. The young Baron de***, a giddy young man, some years ago, fell in love with a young girl, at ———, whose name was Theresa Maupin; he

“ he conceived a passion for her, and Miss was
 “ not cruel. I find this folly has had serious
 “ consequences. The Baron continues to live
 “ with her, although her conduct is very doubt-
 “ ful; since, under the name and title of Ba-
 “ ronness de —, she is kept by a kind of En-
 “ glish lord. Maupin’s family, in order to put
 “ an end to the connection, are about to pro-
 “ cure the young man, doubtless, in the view
 “ to obtain money from his friends. Your lord-
 “ ship’s credit could put an end to the whole
 “ business, by shutting up the pretended Ba-
 “ ronness, &c. &c.”

Champville’s letter was immediately dispatch-
 ed. It was delivered to our protector, as he
 was setting out for Versailles. And, in the fol-
 lowing night, Theresa was taken off, and safely
 lodged at Sainte Pelagie.

C H A P. VIII.

I receive a Visit from an Original.

TWO days after Theresa had been taken off, my maid awaked me very early in the morning, to tell me that an old man, who had the appearance of a person of consequence, had called on me half an hour before, to communicate to me something, he said, that would not admit of the least delay.—When the girl observed to him, that it was not yet day, he went away, saying, that he should return in an hour at latest. I immediately arose, and dressed myself, to be ready to receive this stranger. He came, even sooner than he had promised.

I saw a man of a noble and afflicted countenance. “Miss,” said he, without giving me the time to consider him, “I have an affecting and sacred deposit in my hands. It solicits your kindness and protection; it reclaims your generous attention. In the misfortune that has so early befallen it, it is at least assured of all the

services I can afford it.—“ I do not understand you, Sir; pray explain yourself.”

“ You had a brother, Miss,—perhaps he is no more—I loved him; and perhaps merited his esteem.—He has abandoned me, and I know not what is become of him. While I was lamenting his unforeseen absence, the day before yesterday, a person, that he ought to have cherished and respected, was taken, by force, from my house, with circumstances, that prudence forbids me to characterise; but I come from a country, where such outrages, whoever might be their author, would be repressed, and punished by the laws.—You appear, Miss, to listen to me with an agitation, that I interpret as the mark of an upright and feeling heart. I shall be short:—An unfortunate father, a wretched mother, have been successively taken off, in consequence of some intrigue which every honest man should blush at;—yes, Miss, they have been separated from a being who did not ask to come into the world!—This tyrannic and inhuman stroke of oppression, has torn the maternal breast from the mouth of a poor innocent!—Perhaps you know sufficient to guess the rest.—Besides, I have the honour to speak to a young lady, the mildness of whose features assures me of her sensibility.—You do

not

not answer me, Miss!—I should be sorry to think that so beautiful a form could conceal a heart capable of being deadened by the pride of prejudice, to the feelings I wish to inspire it with.” As I did not immediately reply, the pathetic old man added, with tears in his eyes—“If it is true that fortune can make men overlook the difference of rank, I answer, on all I possess, that Theresa is rich enough.” He stopped, and fixed his eyes on me. I assumed a serious and august air:—“Sir,” said I, “a girl like Theresa, must be totally unknown to a person of my rank. I must therefore entreat you to spare me any further particulars respecting her.—As for my brother, I never see him, as he has given too just cause for displeasure to his family, by an action that a man of your age and appearance could not possibly approve.”

“Miss,” said the stranger, whom I guessed to be Simpson, “I know how to blame indiscreet actions as well, and frequently better, than any one. But when they are once committed, I think the man more worthy censure who endeavours to repair an indiscretion by an act of barbarity. I shall be very sorry to return with the idea, that I have been troublesome or importunate. You hear what I ask of you.—Now learn my refo-

resolution.—If it should happen that my poor little Julia, by abominations that I suspect, but which my mind is too upright to comprehend perfectly, is for ever deprived of her parents, I protest, by honour and humanity, that I will be a father to her.—Let me add, if the most considerable sacrifices can procure me that knowledge of the fate of my friends, which I came here to entreat your assistance in obtaining—”

“ Sir,” interrupted I, “ I should think this care should only concern my family.” Simpson, (for it was him) remained confused for a moment.—“ But for the tone, Miss, in which you made that observation, I should have concluded that you meant to contest, with friendship, an act of generosity and justice.” I made a motion to rise, “ I believe, Sir,” said I, “ we have nothing further to say to each other.” Simpson answered me fiercely, but yet with politeness.—“ No, Miss—you are right. When the Baron used to lament his misfortune, at having sprung from parents—I blamed him—I should still blame him. But for myself!—your servant, Miss, your servant.” The Englishman retired. It will be easily believed, that he left me more confounded than affected. There is a certain language, which a woman, who gives herself up, by an atrocious system, to those passions

that

that degrade her, is no longer in a situation to comprehend. I did not dwell on this humiliating reflection at the time of this interview; but as I write this deplorable history, my pen traces it with an anguish which is a just punishment for having then been incapable of feeling. While I remained in a state of confusion, and was endeavouring to strengthen my cruel resolution, Champville opened the door of my apartment, and the Englishman again made his appearance. He was accompanied by a nurse, who carried little Julia in her arms. "There she is," cried Simpson, "there is that unfortunate victim, whose mother the barbarians have taken from her!" Champville, without giving me the time to answer, forced me into my bed-chamber. "Let us leave," said she, "the old madman, his nurse, and brat to themselves." She would not suffer me to return to the saloon, till the noise of the doors in the antichamber had assured us that they had all departed. "What," said she, "to come here to regale me with a drama!—me, who have a mortal aversion to them!" I was quite motionless with astonishment!—"But suppose," said I, "the old dotard should take it in his head to continue the scene on the stairs?"—"I have taken care of that," said Champville. "You will never hear

any thing more of the old madman, I warrant."—This tyger of a woman had scarcely finished her sentence, when another visitant came in.

THE person, whose arrival seemed to agitate me after the melancholy scene I had just seen, was not calculated to give us pleasure. It was an old toothless Countess, who lived in the Convent, and had become the plague of the house by her smooth-tongued scandal and everlasting gossip. "How sorry I am," said she, "to find you so late, as the canon says, 'Poor children, how late you come to tell your Father's will.' I am almost tempted to return without telling it to you. — I should think, Madam, that Champagne, if you had much better tell us at once, than begin in this style." — "I know you will be very much affected — The poor Bishop counts no more, it is not his religion." — "No, Madam, I have not the honour of being the most distant relation to him." — "Ah! and now I thought you had; he came so often to see you, and then he talked to you as a father."

An Event that changes all our Projects.

THE person, whose arrival seemed so *apropos* to amuse me after the melancholy scene I had just been a witness to, soon convinced us that her visit was not calculated to give us pleasure. —It was an old toothless Countess, who lived in the Convent, and had become the plague of the house by her smooth-tongued scandal, and everlasting prattle. “How sorry I am,” said the mischievous old witch, as she came in, “for the news I have to tell you! Poor children! I am almost tempted to return without telling it you!” —“I should think, Madam,” said Champville, “you had much better tell us at once, than begin in this style.” —“I know you will be very much afflicted.—The poor Bishop! Tell me, child,” said she, in directing her discourse to me, “is not he your relation?” —“No, Madam, I have not the honour of being the most distantly related to him.” —“Ah! ah! I vow I thought you had! he came so often to see you; and then he talked to you as—as a
father

father would to his child. I am glad to hear it, the news will be less alarming.”—“Do, Madam, deign to speak out.”—“Well then, he has just—upon my word, it is inconceivable! At his age! The dear man!—But do you know he was one of the richest ecclesiastics in all France!”—“Let me intreat you, Madam, to explain yourself.”—“They say he has done a great deal of good.—I have heard that he had provided for more than a dozen young girls of family. It is a great pity!”—“But pray, Madam,” said Champville sharply, “do us the favour to speak clearly.”—“I always thought he was too corpulent. All your short fat men, with florid faces.”—“But he enjoys a very good state of health,” said Champville, “he has the constitution of a horse.”—“Ah! but no horse can resist an apoplexy.”—“What, Madam!”—I could not utter another syllable. Champville was still more confounded than me at this unexpected blow. We both abandoned ourselves to despair in such a manner, as to make the Countess, who was hacknied in the ways of the world, suspect its motives. My Lord’s Maitre D’Hotel soon came to acquaint us with the fatal consequences of this deadly accident. We were all in such consternation, that we remained a quarter of an hour without being able to speak. We shed tears for our loss,

most

most copiously. It would be ridiculous to enoble their motive. The reader will plainly perceive it was interest made them flow.—They were, therefore, speedily suspended, or rather totally dried up, when the Maitre D'Hotel informed us, that the preceding day his master, who had no idea of dying so soon, had made a donation in my favour, and another in favour of Champville, which he had delivered in trust for us to the fat Abbé, who had been formerly charged with the commission of the parcel for the country.

I must here give a sketch of this *fac-tum* of the deceased. The Abbé A—— was one of those panders of business and pleasure, with which Paris swarms. His vulgar appearance bespoke the education he had received, and the early occupations of his life. Brought up in the dust of chicane, he was at first destined, either by inclination, or from his incapacity for any other employment, to the profession of the law. But being made Secretary to the Bishop, he took orders. And to this useful employment, he united the more lucrative one of confidant to his pleasures. It was impossible that I should be unacquainted with this personage, who consoled me, by acknowledging, that he was in possession of some marks of his
master's

master's affection for me, which he had charged him to deliver into my own hands.—But this consolation was short. In managing the affairs of his master, the secretary had not neglected his own. The very next morning, this faithful Achates set off for Holland with a pretty milliner in the neighbourhood, taking with him the strong box of the deceased, which contained the whole of my donation.—When I heard this news, I remained dumb through grief. The sage Champville tore her hair; but after four and twenty hours, devoted to despair and folly, she yielded to the necessity of preserving her presence of mind.

The deceased had left many debts. The creditors were enraged at the exiguity of the succession; and to console themselves for the loss of their money, they made free with his memory, and traduced his character. The Nuns themselves are only modest and submissive while they are bribed by money. They doubtless respect their superiors, but this veneration does not extend so far as to render them dupes to orphans that holy personages may leave behind them. Those of our Convent did not fail to give us a proof of this. About a week after this grand catastrophe, one of the discreet mothers came to our apartment. “*Avs!*” said she,

she, on entering, "Ah! my dear children, this is a great loss for you, and for our community! Heaven's will be done! Pray tell me, have you any intention of altering your mode of living? A Duchefs, whom particular reasons induce to look for an apartment in our house, has spoken to the Superior about this.—We were very much embarrassed how to answer her. But how could we act? She's a benefactress to the Convent; besides, she is a woman it is impossible to refuse." "I understand you, Madam," said Champville, with an air of superiority. "I should have been very much astonished if you had acted otherwise."—"It is not that we wished—" "Oh! no palliating, if you please, I answer for Mademoiselle de ****, and for myself: you may dispose of the apartments in a week."—"But we are not in such a hurry."—"No matter. *Ave*, good mother."—At this last word the poor Nun decamped. Champville, still furious at the stile in which they had just given us our dismissal, walked about the room in a rage. "This sketch of Convent hypocrisy," exclaimed she on a sudden, "renders me all my courage, and opens all my ideas! Let us think seriously, my dear Julia, of retiring, as soon as possible, from this abode of hypocrisy and folly. I have here passed for your cousin. In a private family I will pass for
your

your aunt. Since the bad calculation that I unfortunately made for you, you are grown, and are become handsomer; for my part, I am only more fit for the character. I mean to support. I will not say that my mind, during my residence here, is become more capable of conducting a great undertaking; you shall judge of that by my resources, my friend. Courage! Julia, courage! Let us laugh at the prudes, and pack up our cloaths."⁵ Champville had long been my oracle: I had an entire confidence in her; and all the resolutions that issued from her brain, were commands that I knew not how to resist. She went out that same day, and took apartments in a very handsome house, situated on one of the most frequented Boulevards. The next morning she took me to see them. I was surprized at their convenience and elegance; and was still more so to learn, that although they were so well situated, and three times as spacious as those we inhabited in the Convent, the rent was considerably less. I mentioned it to Champville, who applied to Decency what a Poet has said of Justice. "It is so fine a thing," said she, "that prudes think it cannot be too dearly paid for." Before the week was expired, we were established in our new abode. All expences paid, we had luckily more than a hundred and twenty louis left,

left, to try our fortune with on a different plan to that which had just failed. The reader is going to accompany us through a much greater variety of adventures, and of a different kind.

C H A P. X.

Make an Acquaintance in my new Habitation.

IN one part of our new abode, where the artful and intrepid Champville passed for my aunt, lived a German Baronefs. The first evening we went to take possession of our apartments, my Mentor told me, that this woman's husband had originally been a kind of empiric, who had gained atolerable fortune by his profession, and having had the good luck to cure a German prince, he returned to Paris with a Baron's diploma.—My aunt had likewise informed me, that she had formerly lived in habits of intimacy with the Baronefs, who picked up a tolerable livelihood by keeping a genteel gaming-house, while her husband was making the most of his prescriptions, by exposing them to sale from one end of Europe to the other —“ In this house,” said she, “ there is a constant affluence of good company:—to have full liberty of doing what you please, you have only not to observe what others do.—You may here form agreeable connections, acquaintance useful in themselves, or

at least capable of affording you opportunities of contracting others in a situation to amply recompense you for the loss we have sustained."

To a reader capable of discerning the full extent of the boldness of this advice, it is necessary to make known, before he sees me introduced to the German Baroness, how far my present principles and disposition of mind were calculated to make me cut a figure in her society.—I had a perfect air of modesty and decency, without the least pretensions to either, having secretly abjured—an abjuration I had ratified a hundred times by system and reflection—all those prejudices which render them incumbent on our sex.—In public I had all the hypocritical airs of a prude; in private I abandoned myself to all the voluptuous transports of a priestess of Amathon. My features were regular, and I had a fresh colour that set them off to advantage. My conversation bespoke the education of a girl of quality.—Under an appearance of mildness, I was pitiless and atrocious; apparently disinterested, I seemed never to pay attention to money, yet in reality avaricious in the extreme; I counted even to the last farthing; and my *Cupidity* was such, that I was capable of doing any thing for gold.

Suspicious of all mankind, and incapable, from the loss of my own esteem, of esteeming another, every man who had the art of appearing amiable, I looked on as an impostor or a dupe. I was thorough mistress of the art of varying my external affections. Cool and collected, I was always studying myself, and observing others; yet ardent, in appearance, from a proper disposition of my features; profuse in words, and reserved in writing.—Such were the fruits of the lessons I had received from my secret adviser. She had frequently painted men to me in such ridiculous and odious colours, that it became a part of my system of morality, to make as many of them dupes as I possibly could; nay, I carried my hatred to such a pitch, that I could, without pity, have seen murdered at my door, the man who had just left my bed.—This portrait is horrible, but it is that of every confirmed courtesan, but more particularly of those who have been introduced to the town, by a priest; which was my case.—I had no resources against the system I had adopted, but those which caprice, and the natural warmth of my passions, put me in a situation to search after and to embrace, and which sometimes gave me a glimpse of those virtues I no longer believed in; for my guide had taken care to deprive me of all others, and to enpoison every thing

thing I saw with the colours of vice, whose seeds she had sown in my mind. I had attained this degree of *subordinate* perversity, (it is the only restriction I have the right to allow myself) when I was presented by Champville to our landlady.—“ Good Heaven! my dear,” said the Baroness to my introducers, “ what a charming niece you have! She is a perfect treasure!” — “ She is well enough,” replied Champville, with the modest tone of a relation. The fat Baroness affectionately pressed my cheek to her’s.—I disappeared in her embraces—for her face, which, in her youth, had been oval, was then not even circular, so much had its primitive dimensions been transposed from the length to the breadth of her enormous head.—Her eyes were buried in fat; her shape was thick and short; and she had a freshness of countenance which she preserved in spite of the late hours she kept—for her nights were generally passed at play; for which she was indebted to the repose she constantly took in the day-time, she seldom rising till other people had dined.

“ If you dined as late and as frugally as I do,” said the Baroness to me, “ I should beg you, my charming young lady, to make my table your own; at least, till you were perfectly settled;”

settled; but I lead a life very different to that you have been accustomed to at the Convent; and it would be imprudent to make you change it so abruptly.—Do you play, my dear?”—
 “On the guitar, Madam,” I replied, “and sometimes on the piano-forte.”—Champville and the fat Baroness laughed at my simplicity.—
 “Oh!” said Champville, “she will soon know better.”—“With your talents, my dear, a girl may be simple. But you must possess others, to shine in society.”—“However, Baroness, my dear Julia is so intelligent, and so docile, that in a very short time she will be perfectly at home.” The following day the Baroness came as soon as she arose, to return my visit. She invited us to sup with her, without ceremony she said, as there would be nobody but friends.—But I was astonished, when I went, to find a dozen people. Their play, of which neither Champville nor myself partook, was moderate, and soon broke up. At supper I was placed at the side of a young Polish prince, who was loaded with stars and ribbons: I thought my aunt had a view in it. But as the acquaintance I made with my neighbour was not attended with any consequences, I shall say no more of it at present. Three days after this supper, the Baroness sent her black early in the morning, to beg our company to another the next evening.

—She

—She let us know that she should have a brilliant and distinguished circle. In fact it proved so. Champville made me dress myself in an elegant manner. The mistress of the house presented me to all the ladies, and made me known to the men as Madame de Clercy's niece—that was the name Champville had taken, and by which I shall frequently distinguish her hereafter.

“She is this lady's niece,” said the fat Baroness; “I wish to Heaven she was mine!”

—At these last words I caught the malicious smile of a corpulent Abbé. I received the compliments of the men, and the embraces of the women: but I observed one of the men, who was somewhat sparing of his compliments, and attention. The reader shall soon know who he was.

CHAP.

The Viscount lost his money with great good humour; but the little man in black was vexed and humiliated.

C H A P. XI.

There was a particular ease and elegance in the Viscount's deportment, the least trace of affectation, and indeed, his whole bearing.

New Adventures.

THE person who was so sparing of his praises, was a man of about eight and twenty. His countenance was noble, and bore strong marks of sense, though rather serious for his age;—his figure was tall, and well made. As the assembly was composed of people of all nations, I had soon an opportunity of observing that this young man, whom I heard them call the Viscount de ——— spoke several languages, and by the remarks I heard, I found that he spoke them all with equal elegance and facility. The Viscount had declared himself for commerce, but they made him play whist with Champville and me. And they gave him for his partner a little counsellor, who had the reputation of a good player.—Many people of abilities pique themselves on playing well at whist; Champville, who had taught it me, was perfect mistress of it. We were extremely lucky, and won twenty louis besides betts.

The

The Viscount lost his money with great good-humour ; but the little man in black was vexed and humiliated.

There was a particular ease and elegance in the Viscount's politeness, without the least tincture of affectation : and, indeed, his whole behaviour was so peculiarly engaging, that he made a serious impression on my heart—or, (to speak with that frankness I have determined to observe) on my senses, that supplied its place. I saw that Champville, too, was busily engaged on her side. She did not wait till the next day to take the necessary informations of the Baroness. As soon as every body was gone, she said to her—" Did not you observe, my dear friend, that the Viscount took very particular notice of my niece?"—" Indeed I did," replied the other ; " particularly when she accompanied the harpsichord with her voice. My pretty Julia, unless I am very much mistaken, you have made a conquest to-night." The Baroness had answered Champville with so much cordiality, and an extraordinary glass of Champagne had rendered her so communicative, that my aunt was determined to seize the opportunity of drawing from her all she knew concerning the splendid Viscount. " It is but a very short time," said the Baroness, " that he has frequented

quented my house. He was brought here by that tall German Countess, who came in a little before him, and to whom you must have observed he paid no more attention than what common politeness demanded. This woman told me that the Viscount is absolute master of himself, and of a considerable fortune; but that he has no passions, and is excessively indifferent to all kinds of pleasure. This is only the second time that he has been here; and if he had not met with our amiable Julia, I apprehend it would have been the last. He is not fond of play. If he sits down to it, he loses his money with as much gaiety as another would win it. There is an air of reserve in his conversation, that makes me presume, it would be no easy matter to make an impression on his heart. But, perhaps, my Julia, that is a miracle reserved for your charms. Notwithstanding the compliment that terminated this discourse, I could perceive that Champville was by no means satisfied with it. It piqued my vanity to the quick. I will not take to myself the honour of feeling an inclination to love him, on account of the merit the Baroness had described him to possess; but I certainly took the resolution of doing all in my power, to make him guilty of the folly of loving me.

The

The Baroneſs took ſuch an affection for me, that, when ſhe came to ſee us the next morning, long before her accuſtomed hour, ſhe begged I would permit her in future to call me her niece; and propoſed to Madame de Clercy, that is to ſay, to Champville and myſelf, two places in a box at the opera, that had been juſt lent her for the night. My aunt accepted her friend's propoſal. We accordingly went. We had been ſeated more than a quarter of an hour, when I ſaw Thereſa's old Engliſhman with the Viſcount we had met the evening before, talking together, in the balcony immediately oppoſite our box. There ſeemed to be ſuch a familiarity in their diſcourſe, as left no room to doubt, but they knew each other perfectly well. I remarked it to Madame de Clercy; who replied drily—"I do not know why, but after my diſcourſe with the Baroneſs laſt night, I had a ſtrange preſentiment that the Viſcount would by no means ſuit us. For a thouſand reaſons, and among others on account of changing our names, a precaution that prudence required—I adviſe you to renounce your project of forming a connection with him. As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe pulled up one of the blinds of the box that hid us from the ſight of our oppoſite neighbours. About the middle of the play, a tall fat man, very richly dreſſed, opened the door of our box.

I was

I was seized with a trembling before I saw him, but recovered on seeing the Englishman and the Viscount in the same place, and looking afterwards, at the man who had just joined us. He first saluted the Baroness, who appeared to be intimate with him; he next saluted my aunt, and then me. Our landlady told us it was Monsieur de ***, Receiver General of the finances, proprietor of the box she had procured for us. She placed him between herself and me. Champville seemed to consider the financier with an extraordinary degree of attention, that I was at a loss to account for. This new comer being invited by the Baroness, returned to supper with us. "I very seldom sup, ladies," said he, as he sat down to table; "and I as seldom *admire*, but I find that I must do two extraordinary things to-night." These last words were pronounced with a look at me, that I should have called at least *kind*, had it come from the Viscount. The fat, noisy Baroness was gay as a lark; she insisted upon it that Monsieur de *** should regale us at his country house the next day. She said it was a charming place, and the gardens were delicious. But the prudent Madame de Clercy was so steady in declining the party, that the Baroness was compelled to give up the point. Monsieur de *** called on us betimes the next day. He was much accustomed

customed to negotiations; and quickly entered on that which was the object of the present visit. Madame de Clercy, who only rejected the party to his country-house, because she wished to have some private conversation with him, that she might have an opportunity of negotiating personally on my account, did not make much difficulty in treating with this Cræsus.

The Baroness informed, as soon as she arose, of the visit we had received before dinner, behaved with great coolness and reserve to my aunt during the whole day. But in less than a week, peace and good harmony were established between them, in consequence of the events I am about to relate. After a second conversation between the old Financier and my aunt, during which I retired to my harpsichord, as we had previously agreed on, she called me down stairs, that he might not depart without taking leave of me. I saw Madame de Clercy's eyes sparkle with joy as the old man embraced me. The poor man trembled more than usual. He was scarcely out of the door, before my aunt addressed me in the following terms. *Vivat*, my lovely Julia! there's some solidity in this: I have made a golden bargain for you! This is the sort of man for a pretty girl, like my niece, to attach herself to—particularly at first setting

out. This gentleman offers you a house completely and elegantly furnished with jewels and a carriage; he will bear every expence; and will ensure us, moreover, two thousand guineas, by a good contract. Besides every thing will be carried on with the utmost decency; I shall pass with every body for your aunt; a relation shall die, and leave me an estate in America: we will receive none but decent people, we will keep a good house; and I warrant you nobody will ask questions."

"Let your handsome Viscount," pursued she, in lowering her voice, "come now if he will. If he behaves himself well, his company will be borne with. Yes, my dear, I know it is impossible to love that black, squalid old fellow; and it is but fair that your senses should be gratified to recompense you for your painful complaisance.—But, as for your heart—preserve that untouched;—let there be no love in the question, I entreat you,—promise me that, and I will take care of the rest. But only think of the Baroness!" said she, without waiting my answer; "did she suppose one could not make an arrangement without her assistance! An artful old beast! she wanted to partake with me the pleasure of being your aunt. I guessed her intentions when she proposed the box at the opera to

As far as a present, I have no objection. That is proper and just, and will restore her to good humour."

I had listened to this fine discourse, with a gradual interest, that arose to its height, when Madame de Clercy explained herself on the chapter of the Viscount. When she had finished, I said to her, "But, do not you think, my dear cautious aunt, that the Baroness's vexation at being disappointed in her schemes, will induce her to refuse the present; or, even if she receives it, will lead her afterwards to commit some indiscretion that may hurt our plan."—"Oh! as to that, I defy her," said Champville, resolutely; "we have been too long acquainted;—I know all her secrets:—be assured, my dear Julia, that the Baroness will do every thing in her power to second our intentions, even before she shall have received any mark of gratitude from the contracting parties."—The conjectures of the skilful de Clercy were strictly verified. I was soon put in possession of a convenient and elegant little house, close by the Baroness's, which was taken in my aunt's name.

But the Viscount! that mortal who had enchanted me, and who had so far got the better of

my nature, or rather of my habits, as to make me almost forget the lessons of Madame de Clercy, and the system of morality which I had founded on them; never returned to the Baroness's; notwithstanding the conjectures of my aunt! My vanity, that greatest tyrant of our sex, was piqued at what I deemed a neglect of my charms. A woman who is ruined, knows no greater obstacle to the pursuit of her intrigues, to the accomplishment of her most earnest wishes, than those which arise from this frivolous passion. Satiated with the incense, sincere or deceitful, of amorous fools, and fashionable retailers of modish nonsense, if she meets with a man of sense and merit, who disdains to sacrifice at the shrine of vanity, she is vexed and disappointed; she becomes capable of committing greater follies and absurdities than the dupes she has made.

Nobody, at least no woman, who has ever been in a similar situation, will refuse to believe that I most cordially detested the Midas who loaded me with marks of his prodigality. To make myself amends for the torments I suffered from his fulsome attention, I formed in my mind the most ridiculous and mad schemes in favour of an object who had probably forgotten that there existed such a being as myself. In

this

this double perplexity, Champville, the indulgent and political Champville, (who was less anxious about my pleasures than my fortune, notwithstanding her promises) appeared to me too severe a censor to make my *confidante*.

A situation, such as that I experienced, may be termed the wind, which, (in a girl of little experience and great vanity) kindles the flame of caprice. It became so violent in me, that it began to strip my youthful charms of their native freshness. When I was arrived at this pitch, my skilful and observing adviser opened her eyes, and spoke to me as follows.—“ Poor, mad Julia! I read to the bottom of your thoughts. You are infected with a most rash desire, my dear child! It would be in vain to repeat to you, that a young and handsome girl, like you, in your situation, may be ruined, by giving way to it. I know my own sex too well, to exhaust myself in foolish remonstrances. It is better to encourage the flame that consumes us, in order to extinguish it, than to irritate, by endeavouring to smother it. This reflection, founded on experience, has determined me, and I will lose my skill and trouble, or you shall be satisfied. I shall not,” added she, “ have the cruelty to press you to renounce an inclination, which is often a disorder of the mind, to which

the most prudent women are subject. On the contrary, I shall afford you my utmost assistance to put you in a situation to gratify it, as speedily and as fully as possible, but with a discretion that will prevent it from being prejudicial to our interest." I wept at hearing Champville talk in this manner; my tears were as much the result of spite, as of gratitude, for this singular and very indulgent compassion in my aunt. She asked me to allow her two days to put in execution a project, which, she said, she had that instant conceived. She immediately went out, and called on the Baronefs, where she did what will be easily guessed at, by the perusal of the next chapter.

CHAP.

C H A P. XII.

A disagreeable Intrusion.

ON the evening of the second of the two days, that Champville had demanded for the execution of her project, our officious neighbour paid me a visit, accompanied by the Viscount.—In a very few minutes after the exchange of customary compliments, my aunt and the Baroness contrived to leave me alone with this handsome Adonis.—O ! gallant reader, little do you think what a scene I am going to relate !—

The two women had scarcely left the room, before the Viscount appeared perplexed and uneasy. “ Indeed,” said I, after a silence of some moments, “ I cannot conceive where the Baroness and my aunt are gone ; I am afraid you will not be much amused with my company.”—“ Miss,” said the Viscount, in rising from his chair, “ you make me perceive that I may perhaps be indiscreet.”—“ Indiscreet, Sir,” said I, with emotion ; “ very far from it. I am only fearful, that your politeness may induce
you

you to stay here at a time when your company is eagerly expected elsewhere.”—“Your words, Miss, wear the appearance of raillery. I am naturally of a disposition somewhat too serious to have my company courted in the manner you are pleased to hint.”—“I know no one more likely to be sought after than a man of sense and solidity; and I should hope, Sir, you would not do that injustice to my sex, as to suppose that there is no woman capable of setting a just value on such a character.”—“There are too many, Miss, in this age, whom such a character alarms and disgusts.”—“Do you know, Sir, your compliment would not be very flattering, unless you distinguished your exceptions.”—“I beg your pardon, Miss, I should be concerned to—” “Oh! I by no means dislike your system. In return hear mine. I allow men the right of making such distinctions as they think proper; but I advise every reasonable woman to be strictly on her guard against men, and very circumspect in her conduct to them.”

For more than an hour, the discourse was kept up, on this moral and ceremonious tones, without the Viscount's making a single advance. Twenty times I gave him an opportunity to declare himself, but he never would take advantage of it.

“This

“ This is a very grave conversation, Sir,” said I, with an impatience he could not but observe—“ the Baroness told me you was remarkably discreet; but I maintained that I could discover the secret of your heart.”—“ Of my heart, Miss.—Alas! now-a-days, a man is obliged to forget that he has one; I have not often had occasion to consult mine, but when I have, I have found in it, if I may be allowed the expression, an extraordinary ambition in love.” Good, said I to myself, he is coming to the point!—“ In a word,” said he, “ should this heart, that I endeavour to hide from myself, through fear of making a bad disposal of it; ever escape me in any of our brilliant circles, it would be only to offer itself to some one who would give me her’s, wholly and exclusively, in exchange.” The Viscount put so great an energy of expression in this last phrase, that in perceiving he spoke from *his* heart, I felt *mine* beat—I thought, for an instant, I had recovered it—Wretched is the woman who has only known *that* love which is the offspring of desire!—a dupe to the delusion of her passions, she thinks no other exists—Alas! true happiness is a stranger to it.—Instead of expressing my sensibility, I threw myself into an attitude—It was the only resource known to that school in which I had been brought up.—The Viscount then
shewed

shewed marks of surprise and contempt, that all his politeness could not thoroughly conceal; and as I possessed a great stock of vanity, though but little sensibility, I was alive to disappointment, and susceptible of jealousy; and was consequently affected beyond description. The Viscount perceived it, and once more rose from his chair. I stopped him with fury, exclaiming, "Insolent man, you read my thoughts, and you despise me!"—He stood amazed. His immobility and astonishment appeared the greatest insults he could offer me. In fact they were so.—"But you shall not—" I could not finish, I was almost out of my senses—I rushed towards him, and fell down at his feet.—At this moment the doors of my apartment flew open, and in came my aunt and the Receiver General! The obliging Madame de Clercy had in vain insisted that he should not enter without giving me notice. He replied, that ceremony between friends was needless, and immediately turned the key, so that he saw me fall, and even heard my last words.—We all four formed a perfect picture. The Viscount was the first that recovered from his astonishment—for that was probably the only sensation he experienced; he made his bow, and disappeared, after having expressed, by his looks, pity for me and the Financier, and unutterable contempt for Madame de Clercy.

Clercy.—“What does this mean, niece,” said my aunt, affecting an air of severity and indignation; “has that giddy young man behaved disrespectfully to you?”—“Cruelly so, Madam,” replied I, with a sigh, and red with anger.—“It is well for him he is gone,” said my Midas, casting a threatening look at the door.—At this very moment, the door made a noise, which occasioned a most sudden alteration in the features of our heroic Financier, which were composed to a wonderful placidity; as the noise began before he had finished his sentence, the last part of it was only muttered.

After having assured himself that there was nobody in the passage, Monsieur de * * * returned to me with a look of fierceness. “Pray tell me, my charming friend, how this happened?” said he.—“It was a mere nothing,” said I, composing my countenance as well as I could; “In fact I am more to be blamed than the Viscount; he took it in his head to speak ill of the women, as most young men do now-a-days; and I could not bear to hear my sex insulted.—Clercy, delighted at my presence of mind, made me a sign of encouragement, over the Financier’s shoulder; and her eagerness to assist me by this mark of approbation, probably prevented her from taking notice that Monsieur

de * * *

de * * *, was seated immediately opposite to a large pier glass. However, on that occasion, I had afterwards to remark his change of behaviour; for the present, our Cræsus seemed contented with my feints. The Baroness came in; supper was served. There was an affected and constrained gaiety in us all; and Monsieur de * * *, under some pretence, went away very early.

IT might be about eleven o'clock, when I might have been sitting at my chocolate, when my jockey, (for since Monsieur de * * * had defrayed my expenses, I had been one of the first pretty women in Paris, to provide myself with a kind of page dressed in that style)—when my jockey I say, came into my chamber with a note, folded up in a less gallant manner than usual—I opened it, and read as follows—

“Miss,”

“I really esteem myself extremely happy to have been able, during our short acquaintance, to render myself agreeable or useful to you—My proceedings, with your sex, have ever been frank and liberal; you have had some proofs of it. Excepting the contest for two thousand guineas, which, but for the scene of last night, would have been signed this morning, I have rigorously kept

CHAP.

C H A P. XIII.

Conclusion of the Adventure with the Financier.

IT might be about eleven o'clock.—The servant had just brought me my chocolate, when my *jockey*, (for since Monsieur de * * * had defrayed my expences, I had been one of the first pretty women in Paris, to provide myself with a kind of page dressed in that stile)—when my *jockey*, I say, came into my chamber with a note, folded up in a less gallant manner than usual—I opened it, and read as follows—

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 “ have been able, during our short acquaint-
 “ ance, to render myself agreeable or useful to
 “ you.—My proceedings, with your sex, have
 “ ever been frank and liberal; you have had
 “ some proofs of it. Excepting the contract
 “ for two thousand guineas, which, but for
 “ the scene of last night, would have been
 “ signed this morning, I have rigorously kept

“all my promises. I think I may, without a scruple, dispense with that.—In regard to preliminary objects, you are extremely welcome to them.—I am, with all the respect due to you, &c.”

This note was written in a strange hand; it had neither date nor signature. It made a slight impression on me, in comparison of what it might have done, had not my mind been so totally given up to sentiments of resentment for the insult I imagined I had received from the Viscount. A manifest proof that, in their youth, vanity is the first and most prevailing passion in the hearts of women; and that it is only when they are advanced in years, that avarice takes the lead of it.—I let fall the note, almost as soon as I had read it, and continued to meditate on the affront that had so cruelly mortified me. Nevertheless, the vigilant Clercy, as she came into the room, perceiving my curtains drawn, advanced very softly. In walking a-tip-toe up to my bed, she saw the note open upon the floor, and had sufficient time to read it before I perceived that she was in the room, or that I had let the note fall. “Zounds!” exclaimed she of a sudden, in a tone of voice that made me shudder, “one is no sooner snatched away from us by an apoplexy, than

we

we lose another, because he takes it in his head to be jealous!—Ah! my poor Julia,” said she, in opening my curtains, “take courage, I will be your tutelar genius! And if you will but sure yourself of your ridiculous caprice—” At these last words I uttered a profound sigh.—“This is very pretty, truly!” said she, imperiously: “this caprice of your’s is likely to get us into some further difficulties.”—When she had said this, Clercy stopped an instant to consider me. I shed tears in spite of myself, and preserved a gloomy silence.—Champville laughed.—“Come, come,” said she, “we must love our friends, with all their defects, in spite of themselves. My dear child, you are still more lucky than wise. After this foolish action, we have got left a well-furnished house, a retinue, an elegant carriage, and a tolerable sum of ready cash, without mentioning trinkets. Let any one present himself who is capable of supporting all this with a proper dignity! He may guess beforehand, by all that surrounds us, on what conditions he may become the friend of the family!”—“But the Baronefs” replied I.—“The Baronefs—” said Clercy sharply—“Although I guess what makes you desirous to return to her house, I will nevertheless conduct you there to-night.—Perhaps on the traces of this good woman, who

has always more than one string to her bow, we may be able to find the means of extricating ourselves from the dependance of every capricious and selfish Midas.—Sometimes, my Julia, in *generalising* her favours with address, a pretty woman preserves her fame, and has all those enjoyments which she could procure herself by the sacrifice of it.—If some day D'Orvigny—
 Yes, Miss, you need not turn up your nose.—Some scandalous reports have probably 'ere this, reached his ears; but men of his ideas are very apt to take truths for the refinements of calumny. And it still runs in my head, that you will one day make use of that great mortal, to replace you in the class of respectable women.—Oh! what an excellent farce is this world!" said she, with a cynical sneer.—I was struck with admiration at hearing Clercy philosophize in this strain of superior intelligence. Her advice and her schemes acted as a powerful balm, to heal the wounds my pride had received.—We dressed ourselves as soon as we had dined, and went out.

C H A P T E R XIV.

A new System of Conduct.

DURING some days we were constant in our visits to the fat Baroness; and this obliging woman always invited such company as she thought best calculated to realize our projects. But as this little daily intercourse, which soon began to slacken, did not give rise to any decisive adventure, Champville soon saw the necessity of introducing me to a much larger circle, where we might reasonably hope for better success.—She had formerly lived very much in the world, and had contracted a great number of female acquaintance. But since she had adopted me, she had neglected such as were too gay and flighty to receive as visitors in the Convent of * * * *, but recollected a Countess D'Alluy. This lady was so well known, that it did not require much trouble to find out her abode.

One day Clercy, who had been twice out without informing me whither she was going,

told me that she would present me to this Countess. "Madame D'Alloy," said she, "is a tall, fine woman of eight and thirty, and who owns very fairly to thirty-two. She is a Flemish woman, has a good fortune, and leads a very irregular life. She is the wife of a Count D'Alloy, a very rich man of a county that joins that from whence she comes. This woman's adventures have made considerable noise in the world; and her husband is so great a dolt, that he is pointed at as he walks the streets. The people of the capital, and even those of her own county, where similar occurrences are not very frequent, are become tired of talking of her. Probably her name would never have been mentioned, but for her stupid and brutal husband, who began to make a noise about her conduct, even before it was either reprehensible or extraordinary. He petitioned to be separated from her; the cause was tried, but the wife had the good luck to employ a fashionable counsellor, and to have a reporter who was not accustomed to let a pretty woman in affliction lose her cause. They both took an advantage of some instances of brutality in the jealous husband; and the Countess now enjoys a good fortune, and all the sweets of liberty. It was very necessary for her to be rich," said Clercy, "for she is too subject to flights of caprice
and

and inconstancy, or to have ever succeeded—
 mark this, my young friend—In her attempts
 to support her expences by the follies and ex-
 travagance of others.—You will see her, and
 may judge for yourself. I have reflected very
 deeply on the matter, and have a strong pre-
 sentiment that the renewal of this acquaintance
 will give us an opportunity of getting into a
 good line.’—In effect, Clercy had so well
 prepared matters, that the next day but one, I
 was to be introduced to the brilliant society of
 her old friend. But Madame D’Alluy, the
 most obliging creature in the world, came very
 kindly to call on me the evening before the ap-
 pointed day. The Countess was announced, at
 the instant Madame de Clercy and myself were
 disposing ourselves to take a turn at the fair
 of St. Germain, with an old officer, of whom I
 have not yet spoken, but who, since we had
 lived in a more retired way, having quitted the
 society of the Baroness, had frequented our
 house, and paid regular and assiduous court to
 my aunt.—When the Countess arrived, she
 expressed herself in terms of the warmest friend-
 ship to me, and assured me, that she had been
 extremely anxious to see me, from the account
 Madame de Clercy had given her of my figure,
 of my understandings, and of my disposition.—
 In order to prevent me from being at a loss to
 answer

answer such questions, as might be put to me; the cunning Champville had informed me, that she had told a long story to Madame D'Alluy, framed for the purpose; and which it was easy to pass upon her, as she had frequently been in situations that compelled her to have recourse to similar artifices, and was consequently less particular in her enquiries; besides, ten years had elapsed, since she had seen or heard of my aunt.—She had introduced herself to the Countess by the name of Madame de Clercy, and passed herself to her for my aunt, as she had before done to the Baroness, in making her believe that she was the widow of my mother's brother, from whom of course she had taken that name. Madame D'Alluy therefore took me for her niece, as did every body with whom we had been acquainted during the six months that we had left the Convent.

The Countess was better acquainted with the disposition of my mother's pretended sister-in-law, than with her genealogy and connections, and therefore gave credit, without difficulty or scruple, to whatever my aunt chose to tell her on that subject.—That very evening she insisted on accompanying us and the superannuated cicisben of Madame de Clercy, to Vauxhall. This gallant man was as easily imposed upon,

in regard to our *little* secrets, as the Countess. Ever since he had visited us, he had regularly played his game at piquet with my aunt every night, and brought gingerbread to my lap-dog every morning. He sometimes dined with us; and never perceived, or at least feigned never to perceive, what must have been very conspicuous to any one but himself.—O! how delightful are such men in society, for women who wish to intrigue with decency, and who flatter themselves they do it with address and secrecy.—But I forget that we are all four arrived at Vauxhall. While the tall Countess, and the artful Clercy, were renewing the intimacy of their former connection, in a long *tete-a-tete*, the gallant Farville—that was the name of our old lieutenant-colonel—frequently interrupted the common-place observations, that were the subject of our conversation, to whisper in my ear, “Miss, I know that handsome Countess particularly well.”—“Very possibly, Sir,” said I.—“Oh, yes, it is the same, I’ll swear to it.”—Farville’s tone and affectation in repeating the same observation so often, made me pay more particular attention to Madame D’Alluy than perhaps I otherwise should have done. And I remarked, that she frequently turned her head to steal a look at Farville, as at somebody she thought she recollected. But
after

after she had looked at him several times, I thought she appeared anxious to get rid of him. And to that I attributed the endless conversation in which she had engaged my aunt, while Farville was escorting me. We shall soon see whether I was wrong.

CHAP.

C H A P. XV.

*Eclaircissmens on the Person and Intentions of the
COUNTESS, and on the new Designs of my
AUNT.*

AFTER we had conducted the Countess to her house, where we accepted a friendly supper, we returned home. The old Cicisbeo always made it a rule to pay us a visit before we retired to our apartment; when he generally told us the wonder, or the news, of the day. He had too many things to impart to us that night to quit us without explaining himself.—“Do you know,” said he to Clercy, “that is, Madam, have you been long, and intimately acquainted with the Countess D’Alluy, and her character?” “Most undoubtedly,” replied my Aunt. “We were pensioners together in a Convent in the country.”—“That I can very easily believe,” replied he, “if it is the same lady—as I think it is—whom I met with, some years ago, very far from hence.—She is certainly a woman of good family, and consequently likely to be at the same Convent with Madame de Clercy. Butt——” “But nothing is more certain,” said

said my Aunt, very seriously. "But are you acquainted with the different events of her life?" said Farville. "I am only acquainted with one," said she, "which was a very unfortunate one for her;—I mean that which made her wife to the Count D'Alluy, an animal, an Automaton that only acquires life to torment her, and to get them both into trouble." "Oh! its the very same," said Farville.—"Yes, your Countess is the lady I met with more than three years ago at Ostend. Deign to lend your attention, ladies, though it is very late—my story shall be short."

"While the regiment, to which I still belong, was in garrison at Dunkirk, at the extremity of French Flanders, I took a tour into Austrian Flanders, to be present at a great jubilee, which brought numbers of people from the neighbouring provinces to Ghent. I went by Ostend, in company with one of the most considerable citizens of Dunkirk. The day we arrived at Ostend happened to be a holiday. My companion had some business to transact in the town; and this circumstance compelled him to stay there till the next day. He took the opportunity of paying a visit to the English Consul, who was a merchant of the place. The Consul invited us both to dinner.

"When

" When we arose from table, which was not the evening was pretty far advanced, a servant of our host's came to tell him, with an air of mystery, that a lady, who was a foreigner, begged that he would immediately grant her a moment's audience.—He begged the company would excuse him, and disappeared for about a quarter of an hour. He returned, and to the unutterable surprize of the whole company, he addressed himself to me, who was the greatest stranger to him, in a mysterious manner, to beg that I would retire with him for a few minutes into another room.

" This invitation appeared very strange to me at first; but in a passage that led to the room we were going to, he very politely said to me. You, Sir, are a Frenchman; I am an Englishman: nevertheless, I must beg you for a moment to give your sanction to a fiction, to pass for my relation, and to hide that mark of honour that you wear at your breast. As you are, undoubtedly, well acquainted with your own country, here is an adventure on which I must request you to give me your opinion; I assure you, before hand, that you, will meet with nothing repugnant to your principles. I concealed my cross and my ribbon; our Amphitruon then led me to his study, where I saw a woman

VOL. I. 19

who

who was tall and handsome, but her complexion was considerably tanned by the sun.—She was dressed like the peasants in Picardy. I shall not give you her portrait, ladies. It is a face you are well acquainted with, for unless my eyes and memory deceive me strangely, you saw the original not more than half an hour ago.”

“Ah, traitor!” exclaimed Clercy, with an arch look of kindness, “if ever any of the episodes of my novel should compel me to wander incognita, God forbid that I should fall in with such eyes and such a memory as yours.”—

Farville smiled and continued—“The pretended peasant, thinking she was speaking to the Consul’s brother, repeated to me what she had been telling him. She said that she was a Frenchwoman of quality, who had been compelled, by the persecutions of a detestable husband, to become a fugitive; and to support the truth of her assertions, she produced a number of valuable jewels, and a considerable sum of money, which she had brought in a basket, that she had carried in her hand the whole way from Peronne, near to which place one of her country-houses was situated. That she had come to Ostend to implore the generous assistance of the British Consul to, enable her to get over to England. During her discourse, which lasted near half an hour, this poor Countess shewed the British agent

an example of the terrors which are inspired in France by the exertion of despotic authority. I mean by the fear which had alone enabled her to come an hundred and fifty miles on foot, and in such a disguise. She has since been in England; and but for the part I afterwards had in this adventure, by mere chance, what I then knew of her would probably not have been so strongly impressed on my memory. Madame D'Alluy being detained some time at Ostend by contrary winds, set off for Dunkirk, in hopes, I suppose, of finding the weather more favourable there. She travelled on foot, and was lucky enough on arriving, to find a smuggling cutter ready to sail, the captain of which engaged for a few Louis, to land her in England. But in going out of Austrian Flanders, at the last barrier, she had unfortunately fallen in with some suspicious custom-house officers, belonging to the Emperor, who, ignorant of their duty, insisted on searching her basket, and thought themselves authorised to stop the diamonds, which, to their great surprize, they had found in it. The terrors of Madame D'Alluy for her own person had determined her to leave them in their hands; she thought herself very lucky to have saved her money, and continued her journey. Some Englishman, or some traveller, who was better informed than herself of the Imperial laws,

advised her to apply to the British Consul at Ostend to claim her jewels for her.

“ I had continued my journey, and was at Brussels when my pretended brother received this letter from the Countess. He sent it immediately to me, with a request that I would apply to Count de Cobentzel, who was then minister of the Low Countries, in order to obtain justice for my country-woman. I thought my demand could not possibly meet with any opposition—I was however mistaken. Monsieur D’Alluy, the stupid husband of the Countess, pursued his fugitive Penelope, and the casket she had taken with her—not with the passive gallantry of a Parisian, but with the jealous rage of a Castilian, and the avarice of a Dutchman. He had just arrived at Brussels, and had obtained an audience of the minister, the very evening before I waited on his Excellency. I made use of every argument I could collect from the law of nations, that was proper to combat the solicitations of a husband ridiculous as himself, but still more so in a negotiation like that in which I was then his rival. And I intermixed my arguments with many strokes of pleasantry, that were by no means displeasing to the gallant Cobentzel. In short, I succeeded; and, by my care, the whole of the
jewels

jewels were very soon sent off to the Countess. As she was not ignorant of the part I had taken in this important affair, and as so good an office as that of obtaining the restoration of six thousand pounds worth of diamonds to a woman, in opposition to her husband, ought to be of some estimation in the eyes of a fair fugitive, you will own that I have some reason to be a little displeased at the ingratitude of your Countess; particularly if, as I apprehend was the case, she only affected not to recollect me. I, nevertheless, sincerely congratulate her on her present security; and I hope Madame de Clercy will think me worthy to be entrusted with the circumstances that have brought about this change in her situation, and enabled her to live at Paris in splendour and liberty." "Hush, hush!" said Clercy; "never seek to dive into the secrets of our sex. A pretty woman of gallantry has more resources in this capital than a man is aware of. Nobody approaches her but to offer her incense or homage; and a lover, to be well received, must visit her as Jupiter did the daughter of Acrisius."—"Yes, yes!" said Farville—"nor would his visit, even then, be totally exempt from danger."—"Come, Sir, no ill-natured reflections," said Clercy, "It is time you wished us a good night. Leave to me the care of reminding the Countess of the obli-

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gations.

gations she is under to you. The man who rescues a woman's diamonds from the clutches of a custom-house officer, and a husband, has nearly as much claim to her gratitude, as he who first gave them to her."

Farville had no sooner retired, than Clercy gave me notice, that the following day the Countess had proposed to introduce us into good and profitable company. She said no more; and we separated, to retire to our chambers.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVI.

An unexpected Journey.

I ROSE from my bed earlier than usual. My thoughts had been so occupied during the night, with our intended visit to the Countess, that I had taken but little rest. But how great was our disappointment, when, as we were sitting at breakfast, a servant brought us a note from Madame D'Alluy, to inform us, that an indisposition, not less violent than sudden, confined her to her bed, and that, as she did not think it probable she should be able to quit it the whole day, she was under the necessity of requesting us to postpone our visit! We had no sooner read the note, and dismissed the servant who brought it, with due compliments of concern, &c. than my maid came to tell Madame de Clercy, that there was a gentleman below who desired to speak with her on business of importance. My aunt immediately went down, and very soon returned with an elderly man, whom I had never before seen.—“As I find, Sir,” said Madame de Clercy, when they were

were both seated, “ that your business concerns my niece, at least as much as myself, it is but right that you should explain yourself in her presence.”—My aunt then read me a letter which she held in her hand, and which she told me the gentleman had just delivered her from our friend and neighbour the Baroness. It was conceived nearly in the following terms——

“ An insult I have lately received from that
 “ brute Monsieur de * * *, has made me
 “ reflect on the means of revenging myself. I
 “ have at last hit on a scheme, which at the
 “ same time that it will revenge me, will put
 “ two thousand guineas in the pocket of your
 “ charming niece. Monsieur de Carlin, who
 “ will deliver this to you, will inform you of
 “ the particulars, and instruct you how to
 “ proceed. He is a particular friend of mine,
 “ and a man whose prudence and secrecy may
 “ be relied on. As the honour of our sex is
 “ concerned, I have no doubt you will readily
 “ second me in my endeavours to punish the
 “ Receiver General for his conduct to Julia,
 “ and his ingratitude to me, &c.”——

Monsieur Carlin then told us, that in consequence of the intelligence he had received from
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the Baroness, he was fully of opinion, that we might recover from the Financier the two thousand guineas that he had promised me on our first acquaintance—a promise he had ratified by his last letter, which, though neither signed nor written by him, was a sufficient evidence whereon to found an action, as it was clear, from the contents, that the letter was sent not only with his knowledge, but by his absolute orders. “Besides, ladies,” said he, “was the case much less clear than it really is, I could still ensure you success. The fact is this: Monsieur de * * * is now in Normandy, at a house he has about a league from Rouen; and, as all his estates lie in that province, your action must be brought in the courts of Rouen, and will consequently be tried by the parliament of Rouen. Now, I have a very near relation who lives there, and who, from his situation in life, has considerable interest with the judges. My advice therefore is, to set out, without farther delay, for Rouen. I will give you a letter to my relation, in which I shall explain your case, and mention you in such terms as will not fail to ensure you his protection, and consequently certain success.”—The confidence with which Monsieur Carlin spoke of the success of this unexpected affair, determined my aunt to follow his advice.

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She immediately ordered pen, ink, and paper, and requested him to write the letter to his friend, for that she was resolved to set off that very afternoon. Monsieur Carlin accordingly sat down to write; and when he had finished his letter, politely took his leave, saying that the Baronefs would be anxious to know our determination.—As soon as he was gone, Clercy sent to order post-horses for two o'clock. We dressed ourselves for the journey, took an early dinner, and, before eight, were safely lodged in an inn at Magny, on our road to the capital of Normandy.

What interest a man, whose sole occupation was that of thief-taking—an occupation which, however useful to society as a collective body, is nevertheless considered as degrading by every individual of it—

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

We arrive at ROUEN.

WE left Magny betimes in the morning, and arrived at Rouen the same day.—Our first care, after we had dined, and changed our dresses, was to enquire for the house of Monsieur Flambeau, the person to whom we had a letter from Monsieur Carlin. We imagined him to be a man of great consideration in the town, and my aunt had apprehended that it was some President who had retired to pass his latter days in tranquillity, and who enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the parliament, from his upright conduct, and strict attention to justice, during the time he had partaken in the administration of it. Judge then of her surprise, when we were informed that Monsieur Flambeau was only Lieutenant of the Maréchaussée ! What interest a man, whose sole occupation was that of thief-taking—an occupation which, however useful to society as a collective body, is nevertheless considered as despicable and degrading by every individual of it—
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what interest such a man could have with the judges of a sovereign court, we were at a loss to comprehend. We began to suspect that we were either the dupes of the Baroness, or that she was herself the dupe of her pretended friend. But our suspicions were somewhat quieted by the observations of our host—a shrewd, sensible fellow, who had not lived seven years in Normandy for nothing—who, on our questioning him as to the character and situation of Flambeau, gave us such hints as made us understand that, although the Lieutenant of the Maréchaussée was not a man of great *respectability*, yet that he was, notwithstanding, a person of considerable consequence, and had more influence, in the *impartial* decisions of justice, than people were generally aware of. “Indeed,” said our landlord, “to say the truth, the gentleman is not much beloved in the town. To be sure I must own, that he sometimes breaks rather too abruptly into the houses of peaceable citizens, and now and then takes people to prison for nothing; but, no doubt, he has his reasons for so doing: or very likely he may have orders from his superiors—that is more than we know.—If a man is put in prison wrongfully, for a month or so, why he enjoys the fresh air better when he is released; that makes him amends.

“ —His *property* is safe, though indeed a friend
 “ of mine did tell me, that he lost his purse,
 “ with ten louis in it, on a similar occasion.—
 “ But then the matter was serious; for you
 “ must know that they charged him with
 “ setting his father’s house on fire.—The man,
 “ to be sure, was innocent; for the house was
 “ fifty miles off, and he had not been out of
 “ the town for a month at the time it was
 “ burnt;—but what does that signify, the
 “ charge was serious, and Monsieur Flambeau’s
 “ zeal to secure every thing that could tend to
 “ substantiate it, was commendable.—It is bet-
 “ ter that a thousand innocent men should
 “ go to prison, than that one rogue should
 “ escape:—and if my friend lost any thing,
 “ the greater his misfortune. But, however,
 “ he should be more prudent; for Monsieur
 “ Flambeau has prosecuted him for calumny,
 “ and he is likely to get into trouble about it.—
 “ All this is nothing to me; I am sure I have
 “ reason to speak well of the gentleman: for
 “ you must know, ladies, he settled a matter
 “ for me that might have turned out very
 “ serious, but for his kind interposition, and
 “ the good offices of his friend, the President’s
 “ Secretary. It is true, it cost me a sum of
 “ money; but we all know that such acts of
 “ friendship must be paid for. Besides, gentle-
 VOL. I. M “ men

“ men cannot afford to give their time for
 “ nothing, any more than we poor trades-
 “ men.”—Our landlord perceiving that we
 listened with attention to his elegant harangue,
 proceeded thus:—“ I must tell you, ladies,
 “ that I have the misfortune to be plagued
 “ with a profligate son, who is as good-for-no-
 “ thing a fellow as any in Normandy, and that
 “ is saying a great deal;—he leads a sad de-
 “ bauched life, in spite of all my good advice,
 “ and keeps a great deal of bad company.—He
 “ was walking the streets with two of his
 “ companions one night about twelve o’clock,
 “ when they met a man and his wife returning
 “ home from their daughter’s, where they had
 “ supped.—Well, what do they do, but strike
 “ up to the woman, and begin pulling her
 “ about. Her husband, of course, resisted it.
 “ So they knocked him down, and left him
 “ motionless on the ground, and then returned
 “ to the wife, who resisted as well as she
 “ could, which exasperated them so much,
 “ that they beat her in the most cruel manner,
 “ and then did what they pleased with her. In
 “ short, they used her so ill that her life was
 “ despaired of, and she lay dangerously ill, for a
 “ long time.—This made a great noise in the
 “ town; and my son and his two friends were
 “ discovered, taken up, and committed to
 “ prison.

"prison.—I was in great anxiety, you may be
 "sure, ladies, not so much for what might
 "happen to my son, (for he deserved hanging)
 "as for the disgrace that might be brought
 "upon his family; for you know the parents
 "are always dishonoured by their children's
 "crimes;—as indeed it is just they should be;
 "for, as our curate tells me, it is written in
 "the scriptures, that the sins of the fathers
 "shall be visited on the children; and those
 "of the children on the fathers: that is but
 "right. However, a neighbour of mine re-
 "commended me to Monsieur Flambeau, and
 "I went to him.—To be sure, as I said before,
 "it cost me a pretty round sum, but what is
 "that when one's *honour* is concerned?—The
 "gentleman was very civil, and gave me a
 "letter to his friend Monsieur Parifard, who
 "is Secretary to the first President.—He ad-
 "vised me to send my daughter with the letter,
 "as he said, she would know better how to
 "talk to the Secretary than I should; and
 "indeed he was right, for Marianne was
 "brought up in a Convent by her aunt, who
 "is a nun, and therefore has had a very good
 "education, and is, though I say it, as pretty
 "a girl at sixteen, as any in the province.
 "Well, ladies, to cut my story short, Marianne
 "went, and Monsieur Parifard received her

"very politely, and kept her a whole morning
 "with him, that he might hear all the particu-
 "lars of the business from her own mouth,
 "and then told her to call again the next day,
 "which she did, you may be sure. And so,
 "after she had been with him several times,
 "he settled the matter at once, and let my son
 "out of prison, without any body daring to say
 "no."—My aunt smiled at the landlord's
 story, and when he was gone, looked archly
 at me, and said—"I think, my dear Julia,
 you had better take a lesson from the land-
 lord's daughter; for I foresee that you will
 be under the necessity of paying a visit to the
 gallant Secretary. However, we will go to
 Monsieur Flambeau without delay, and learn
 what we have to expect."—A coach was
 then ordered, and we drove to the house of
 this consequential thief-taker. The door was
 opened by one of his myrmidons, whose
 regimentals served him for a livery. He in-
 troduced us to his master, who had a vulgarity
 in his figure and address that might have
 induced us to take him for a raw-boned
 chairman, had not the air of importance he
 assumed impressed us with an idea of his
 authority. My aunt delivered the letter to
 him, which he read with great attention.
 When he had finished it, he told us, with
 great

great complaisance, that we might be assured of his protection—that he had such a respect for his kinsman, that he looked on his praise as the best recommendation a person could have; but that indeed ladies of our appearance carried a sufficient recommendation in their faces, and needed no other with him. After this fall of gallantry, which had brought an unnatural smile on his harsh countenance, he told us that he would immediately write to the Secretary of the first President, who was his particular friend, and on whom he begged us to call the next morning. He assured us we need not be under the least apprehension, for that the Secretary had such an entire influence over the mind of his master, who was the oracle of the Parliament, that he could ensure success to any cause in which he chose to interest himself.—We staid with Monsieur Flambeau till he was sent for to apprehend some people, who were charged by some of his myrmidons, with having committed a robbery; we then took our leave, and returned to the Hotel, where I received some friendly advice from my aunt on my conduct the following day when we were to visit the Secretary.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Preliminary Visits a-la-Normande, and Conclusion of our Law-Suit.

THE next morning we waited on the secretary, who had been prepared to receive us by the letter of his friend Flambeau. We found him alone in a study that was so nearly filled with papers, that there was barely room for one chair and a sofa. He received us with wonderful politeness, though it was mingled with an awkward consequence, that shewed it was not natural to him. He told us that he was acquainted with the heads of our affairs, and had already given orders to his own attorney to commence the action; and he had no doubt, but that my adversary had by that time been served with the writ.—But it would be necessary, he said, for him to examine me on several particulars, previous to the trial, which he would contrive to have brought on as soon as possible, probably in the course of the week; he begged, therefore, to know when it would be convenient to me to undergo the examination. I replied, that I was then ready to answer any questions that he should think necessary to put

to me. He told me that the *etiquette* of the law required that the examination should be *secret*, and that therefore my aunt's presence was not admissible. This, he said, was a most essential form, and could not possibly be dispensed with. My aunt, who had foreseen this, told him that she would retire into another room, and accordingly rose from her seat. The secretary muttered some trivial apologies, and taking her hand, led her into an adjoining apartment. I did not much like the idea of this private examination; nor will the reader be surprised when I give him a description of the person who was to examine me.—He was a lean meagre man of about six feet high, and had a stoop in his shoulders that were round as a barrel; which he had probably acquired by a constant attention to a pair of the most ill-shaped legs nature had ever formed. His face was long and lank as his figure, and the numerous scars that had been made in it by the small-pox, added to the natural deformity of its features. His nose was aquiline, but short and remarkably flat at the end—his mouth wide and bordered with lips, that were scarcely tinged with red—his haggard eyes of a very light grey, were nearly imperceptible from their size and situation—to this add the complexion of a tawny, and you will have the exact picture of the *amiable* Parifard. An object more capable
of.

of exciting disgust in the breast of a young woman, is seldom to be met with. But two thousand guineas were not easily to be given up. My avarice overcame my aversions; and the secretary, on his return to the room, had no reason to complain of the result of his examination, which he entered on without much ceremony, and which appeared to answer his warmest expectations. When we left him, he assured me, in the most positive manner, that I might rely on gaining my cause, but that it would be necessary to see me the next morning, to sign my examination, after it had been drawn out in due form. As I had gone too far to recede, I was under the disagreeable necessity of returning the next day to have the finishing stroke put to this tedious and disagreeable business. After this second interview, Clercy and myself never left our Hotel, but staid at home to form schemes for laying out the two thousand guineas to advantage. At length, the morning fixed for this important trial came, when all our well-laid schemes were frustrated.—A messenger from the secretary came to let us know that, by an unexpected event, which Monsieur Parisard had not time to explain to us at that crisis, a sentence had been obtained against me; that in consequence, I was condemned to costs, and that he would advise me to leave the town immediately, in order

to avoid paying them. At this distracting news, my aunt's philosophy forsook her; she raved like a madwoman: nor was I less calm; but the idea of being pursued for the costs, made us recollect ourselves sufficiently to order post-horses, which were procured without delay, and we left Rouen bestowing curses on the whole race of Normans; nor were the Barons and her friend Carlin forgotten in our maledictions. We afterwards found that the loss of our cause was owing to the following circumstance. The President to whom Parifard was secretary, had been obliged to leave Rouen, to attend a near relation who was at the last extremity. The President, who officiated during his absence, was a man of a debauched life, and, like Parifard, a more zealous votary of Venus than of Themis. The Financier, who was well acquainted with his disposition, though totally unknown to him, had sent for one of the prettiest girls in Paris, whom he tutored to personate his sister, and sent her to interest the President in his favour. The scheme succeeded to the utmost of his wishes; the judge was so well pleased with the pretended sister, that he assured her, her brother might make himself perfectly easy, for that he would take the matter on himself. And in spite of Parifard's sollicitations, he kept his word.—What rendered this adventure more public, was
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the circumstance that attended it. This Parisian Lais, who, like the rest of the sisterhood, was subjected to the chances of war—I mean of Cupid's wars—had suffered considerably in the service; and at the time of her visit to the amorous President, in return for his favours, had made him a present, which, like a good husband, he had communicated to his wife, who, being of a liberal disposition, had given it to a young Abbé, who was at that time her favourite Cicisbeo; from whom it passed to the wife of the Director of the customs, and from her to one of the inferior judges, by whose means it was distributed through half the town. At our return to Paris, we found the Countess had been twice at our house, and as the servant had told her she expected us back every hour, she had that very morning left a note for my aunt, to desire, that if we returned in time, we would be ready to accompany her the next evening to an assembly which would consist of the same party as was to have been at her house, the day of our departure, when her indisposition had obliged her to send them excuses. This news revived my aunt's spirits, as she said she did not doubt but we should form some connection at the assembly that would make up for all our hopes and disappointments. With this comfortable reflection we retired to rest.

the circumstance that attended it. This Part
 CHAP. XIX.
*A Description of the Acquaintance I make at the
 new Society.*

MY aunt came into my room earlier than
 usual in the morning, while I was at my toi-
 lette, and as soon as I had dismissed my maid,
 she entered into a long dissertation on the men
 of the world, which she divided into two classes.
 The first were dupes to *our* sex, the second
 made women *their* dupes. She explained to me
 the different conduct it was necessary to observe
 to each description, and strenuously laboured to
 rid me of any prejudices which she thought I
 might still harbour, from the irresolution of
 youth, or from want of sufficient experience.
 "The Countess," said she, "gave me an ac-
 count of the society to which we are this
 night to be introduced. Among others is a
 certain Malleville, of whom she affects to be
 fond. I have a presentiment that it is the
 same man who caused the rupture between the
 romantic Theresa, and your heroic brother
 the Baron." "What," said I, "that same
 Malleville! He is a monster!" "Are not all
 men monsters?" replied my counsellor: "yet,

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my dear Julia, we must take them, such as they are. Do you know, my little friend, I shall scold you, if I hear any more such childish remarks! Grow wise, Miss! grow wise, and do not make me blush for the little advantage you reap from my lessons.

“ You will also see, at the splendid supper of to-night, two foreigners, and the giddy extravagant wife of a city banker, who has made an appointment with a coxcombical magistrate, whose incorruptible secretary does his business at home, while his worship is going about in a coloured frock, and short waistcoat, with an enormous club.

“ Believe me, child, take the world as it goes. So long as there are fools, there will be dupes, in spite of the refinements of the age; and while that is the case, the road to fortune will ever be open to all but vulgar coquettes. Let us finish our toilette, and be careful to conceal our cunning and address under a mask of thoughtlessness and folly.”

From that moment, to the time of our departure, Clercy continued to give me the most decisive lessons that observation and experience had furnished her with. When I left home, I carried

carried with me that complete dose of active corruption which the best disposed woman seldom acquires till age and wrinkles render it useless to her. At ten o'clock at night my jockey announced the Countess. She was dressed in a rich gallant dishabille, and was handed in by Malleville. This man has already begun, and will soon finish, to play so conspicuous a part in my deplorable adventures, that I cannot omit giving the reader his portrait. I shall confine myself to strict truth in describing his person, whose *traits* will correspond with those of his mind, which he will shortly expose to view. Let the reader figure to himself a very tall thin man, extremely boney, and remarkably pale; large black eyes, with eyebrows very dark and thick; an aquiline nose, but terminated in a long point that hangs over his lips, which looked redder from a very black skinny beard, was itself strongly contrasted by the pale lived chin on which it was planted. Hair that retired in equal angles on each side of a very high forehead, and which, descending in the middle, formed a very sharp point. The tranquil and permanent smile of malignity; the calm apparent indifference of egotism and dark design; such were the features and air of this traitor's countenance, and the *ensemble* of his person. His dress was more modish than rich,

more rich than elegant. Two red heels, of a most extraordinary height, were calculated to make people believe that he had come from court, where he never went.

Champville—I hope the reader is by this time accustomed to hear me give her indifferently that name, that of Clercy, and the title of my aunt—Champville hastened our departure. In two or three minutes we arrived at that part of the town where the Italian theatre was then situated, and we alighted at a house near one extremity of the Rue Francoise, where the rest of the company were already assembled. In alighting from the carriage, even before, and till we had got up stairs, I perceived that they took precautions, which I did not, at that time, take much trouble to account for. In the first place, Madame D'Alluy had made her coach stop for a moment in the Rue du Petit Lion. From thence she sent to see if the street we were going to was free from carriages and passengers. It was settled before we left home that only the Countess's jockey should follow us in his great coat, and her coachman was out of livery. As the moon shone most perfidiously, the blinds of the coach-windows were let down, and we were driven with wonderful rapidity from the street where we had stopped, to the yard

yard of the house, the gates of which were shut the instant we had entered them. As we came to this place twice afterwards, I shall mention now, that I may not have occasion to repeat it, that the same precautions were always observed. As soon as the carriage stopped in the yard, somebody said, in a low voice, "Here is the remainder of the company belonging to the great saloon." A tall lusty elderly woman, whose large vulgar face was scarred with the small-pox, immediately came to light us. This matron, to whom the Countess said something that I could not hear, introduced us into a large hall, and from thence into a saloon on the first floor, that was elegantly illuminated. The furniture of this apartment might have been called superb, had it been somewhat newer and more of a piece. But those objects, so essential to the scenes of which it was sometimes the theatre, were not forgotten. There was a great profusion of glasses, and, on all sides, communications with *Boudoirs*, that were adorned with paintings, more than voluptuous, and furnished in a stile perfectly correspondent with these picturesque emblems.

The Countess tripped lightly into this sanctuary of intrigue and pleasure. Her tone, in general august and lofty, was, by the most sud-

den and extraordinary metamorphose, changed into that of folly and lisping childishness. I was struck with it in a manner rather different to what this Dowager-votary of Venus could have wished. There are contrasts between age, persons, and manners, that by their extreme ridiculousness shock the eyes of those who have the least right to be offended at their want of consistency. I will not afflict the modest reader, by describing the transports of this woman in a place that she thought consecrated to pleasure. I shall speak but of what concerns myself. I shall only tell him that the sublime Madame de Clercy had every reason to be contented with me, and that she in fact was so, for my skilful mixture of alluring coquetry, and artful circumspection on the essential points.— I could easily perceive that the two foreigners had been brought there on my account. I will describe them, to prevent the reader's astonishment at the two adventures which were the almost immediate result of this first interview. One of these two gallants was a young man of four and twenty. He had a fine blue eye, his hair was chestnut, his arched eye-brows of the same colour; his forehead of a just proportion; a beautiful mouth, a Roman nose, and the contour of his face, though rather round, was noble. He spoke French but indifferently, but
his

his conversation was sensible and reserved, for a place which resounded more frequently with the unbridled transports of folly and licentiousness, than with the modest tones of decency and reason.

I had not been a quarter of an hour in the room before I thought I had discovered his opinion of women in general. Although very young, I saw he had had a long acquaintance with them, and that he had explored the labyrinth of their minds and hearts, that is of a certain class. He loved our sex with ardour, but did not esteem a single individual of it. Though he endeavoured to disguise his sentiments by the strictest attention to politeness, which he never forgot, even in that house, they did not escape my notice. The Countess, who had known him at London, when he was much younger, told us that he was immensely rich, and that his name was Lord C——n.

The other guest, whom I also thought had been invited to make a conquest of me, formed, in many respects, a perfect contrast to the peer. He was a little brisk mortal, whose figure resembled that of a Chinese Mandarin with little eyes and short fat hands; and who promised in a few years to measure more in circumference than

he did in height at twenty-six. He was troublesome and affected in his marks of attention ; which he imagined gave him the air of a man of consequence ; a character he seemed anxious to support. But for three ribbands, from which hung the honorary baubles of his ostentation and miserable country, amidst more diamonds than an opera-girl displays the day after her city-keeper has stopped payment, the grimaces of this Boyard, for such he was, would have given him the appearance of an under clerk or secretary to some intriguing courtier, who had been accustomed to copy the honeyed countenance of his patron. The two cheeks of this proud little personage, swelled at least twice, during the articulation of the shortest phrase, to pronounce the words Highness and Excellence, which he tacked to every name he mentioned. There was an affectation of magnificence and richness in every part of his dress. During supper, he was attended by a black, dressed in the Turkish habit, who never gave him a plate, or a glass of wine, without making a turn on his heel, bending to the ground, and pronouncing, in a shrill voice, a certain German word, which resembled a hiccup, and which I have since heard signifies Highness. When the desert was placed on the table, the Countess and the banker's wife committed a thousand extravagancies with

Mel-

Malleville and the Magistrate. The Peer had a private conversation with my aunt for some moments, while his highness *protected* me, for I cannot say that he went any further. About two in the morning, Madame de Clercy made me a sign which we had agreed on, and we departed as we came, in the Countess's carriage. When we got home, in consequence of the precautions taken by the prudent Champville, we retired without waking any of our servants.

—Look, child, look!—Two
 guineas to top, let's see, this even-
 ing, my heart. **C H A P. XX.**
 What then, will be

—*Adventure of my Lord C—N.*

MUCH more fatigued than amused with our supper, I had gone to sleep without giving myself time to reflect on what I had seen. My aunt, whose intentions were certainly not to give much encouragement to my reflection, had watched the moment I should awake. When it came, I put my hand out of bed to pull the string of the bell, to ring for my maid, when I heard somebody stirring the fire.

I opened my curtains, and saw Champville by the fire side, clearing her head, which had been somewhat confused the night before, with tea. It was almost twelve o'clock. "How fresh and healthy you look this morning, my dear," said she. "Come, get up, here is something sure and solid for you, that will be attended with no noise,—just what will suit us!—What did you think of the Englishman last night, my dear?"—"He is well enough," said I. "Well enough!—Here! here is a specimen of that *sterling* gallantry that is only known
 to

to Englishmen!—Look, child, look!—Two thousand guineas to sup, *tete-a-tete*, this evening, with my niece!" I stared, and my heart palpitated with surprize. "What then, will he come here?" said I.—"Here! no, thank you.—This house must be sacred. In future, nobody shall enter it but people whose characters will furnish sufficient proofs against every thing that the tongue of scandal can hazard against our reputations." She then spread rouleaux on the table to the number of eighteen. "We will divide this first windfall," said she, "into equal shares, to buy us each an annuity on both our lives, with benefit of survivorship; so that she who lives longest will one day have the whole. The fortune of a pretty woman, my dear, should be made, like that of a skilful gamester, at three or four throws of the dice. Your first cast has been a glorious one; may every succeeding one be as good.—But no childish folly," said she. "Like a prudent and wise aunt I have accepted the engagement for my niece. You must go." "Go!" said I,—"but where am I to go?"—"To the place we were at last night, to be sure. It is a safe and decent house, and the people are to be depended on.—But listen, my dear. To night we shall go to the play. He will come up to us, and give us a polite invitation to supper, which I shall accept in equi-

vocal

vocal terms. As we come down stairs, the crowd will separate us, and I shall lose you.—He will offer to set you down in his carriage, and drive off with you to the place of destination.—In the mean time I shall drive to the Countess's in great distress.—Soon after midnight you will come home to look for me, and not finding me, you will go to Madame D'Alluy in great perplexity, and very much alarmed; we shall then embrace each other, and both burst into tears.—Farville, who shall go with me, will be ready to attest to the whole world the innocent circumstances of this little accident; and we shall be the objects of every body's pity!—And if we do not make dupes of those people who are as knowing as ourselves, at least we shall have no indiscreet echos to be afraid of.”

The whole of Champville's plan literally took place. So the annuities were lawfully our's!—They had cost me so little, that after this *coup d'essai*, I took a firm resolution not to neglect any occasion of doubling my revenue. But the prodigal Englishman was not so great a dupe as this circumstance would have led one to imagine. Before we parted, this original and extraordinary spendthrift had slipped a purse into my pocket, that contained fifty double louis, and

and a bank note of the same value, on the back of which was pinned a paper with these words written on it, "The dearest and last extravagance of J. B. Lord C. during his fortnight at Paris." When I rose the next morning, Champville discovered this *trait*, that was worthy an Englishman. It was not long before we received a visit from the Countess. She came with a mortified countenance, to tell us that the little Peer had been to take leave of her previous to his departure for London. The good lady knew, or affected to know, so little of what had passed between this original and myself, that she expressed her regret that he was gone without having had time to confirm his acquaintance with me. Clercy smiled, and thanked her for her kind intentions.

C H A P. XXI.

An Intrigue not quite so private as that the Reader has just seen.

THE tall black, of whom may 'unt and I had never spoken since the first supper in the Rue Francoise, without counterfeiting his profound bows, and strange grimaces, had been dispatched by his master early in the morning to the porter of the house at which we had supped, with the following note to Madame D'Alluy, which her Jockey, who went there every day, had taken to his mistress.

“ The Prince Ivan Z * * * salutes the
 “ Countess. He hopes she will be favourable to
 “ his wishes; and prevail on the young divinity,
 “ to whom he had the honour of being intro-
 “ duced the other night, to accept his invitation
 “ to a party with her aunt. The Countess is
 “ requested to take the trouble of opening the
 “ parcel that will be delivered her by the bearer,
 “ and to look on the contents as a feeble hom-
 “ age, offered by the Prince, to that beauty. If
 “ the present should appear such as it ought to
 “ be,

“be, the black Heyduc may convey it to its
 “destination; unless the Countess will be oblig-
 “ing enough to take it herself. The Prince
 “kisses the hands of the beautiful Countess.”

Madame D’Alluy’s answer was laconic.

“The black Heyduc cannot possibly go to
 “the person’s house; the Countess will take
 “charge of the whole.”

In fact, this obliging woman, while we were at her house, had taken the discreet and deep Madame de Clercy aside, and explained to her the whole of the above circumstance; and at the same time had given her the box that was contained in the parcel. When we returned home, Champville went to her own apartment to examine, I suppose, what she had just received, before she mentioned the matter to me: she then joined me. “Here is a very pretty box of jewels,” said she to me. “The question is, whether or not you should accept it. This merits some consideration.” She opened the box: It contained a pair of splendid ear-rings. At the sight of them a smile came upon my lips, and desire—I say the *desire* of the diamonds—shone in my looks. With women whose system is *that* I had then adopted, the sparks of *that* desire, are those which give the greatest fire to

their eyes. Champville observed me, and laughed. "God forgive me!" said she, "but I believe, if the little mandarin was here, he would have nothing to do, but to stoop to —. My dear Julia! you are still a child: for my part, I have a bad opinion of the man: — I do not know why, but I have an idea that his *Highness* plays the man of gallantry at the expence of some credulous jeweller, however, that would be nothing to me: — but my niece is not to be had for mere baubles! Is she, my dear? But hold, child! let me try on these brilliants." She then put them into my ears. "Do you know, they look magnificent!" said she laughing. "Yes, Julia, I will write to the animal, and satisfy — not his gallant inclinations, but — his stupid vanity." She took up a scrap of paper, and wrote the following note.

"PRINCE,"

"Had the rich present, which your Highness has deigned to send to my niece, come from a person in a less elevated situation, I could not have suffered her to accept it. As it is, she receives with respect and gratitude; two sentiments so compatible with her principles, and with those of your Serene Highness's most humble servant,

CLERCY."

My

My jockey carried this answer, sealed, to Madame D'Alluy; from thence it was sent to the hotel where his Vandalian Highness lodged. In about two hours we received the following reply:

"It is not possible, Madam, that you should have so little understood the meaning of my letter, as not to have something more to say to me. I am aware that *that something* cannot, perhaps, be said till to-morrow night, in the Rue Francoise. I shall there expect the honour of a moment's conversation with the beautiful Julia."

"Faith," said Clercy, "he must speak plainer, and more to the purpose, or you may wait long enough for her, my little Prince! Tell the Countess's page," said she to my jockey, "that we will send an answer." The very next day Champville took me into the country; and we staid there three days. I shall not enter into the particulars of what passed during that interval; I shall confine myself to telling the reader, that my aunt, whose mind was fertile in resources, had taken the necessary precaution, to render our absence neither tiresome nor fruitless. At our return, we found the Countess's card. She had been thrice at our house: the second time

she had left a note, written in a strange hand, in which my aunt was reproached for her *extraordinary conduct*, and was warned that a certain foreign nobleman made a great bustle relative to a pair of ear-rings; and had even gone so far as to take steps that were likely to get us all three into trouble. She concluded by saying, that as she had been assured we should return that night, she would call early the next morning to enter into an explanation with Madame de Clercy. Champville, who had always her senses about her, told me she was determined to receive the Countess, but not implicitly to follow her *paltry, spiritless* advice. Nothing more would have been said on the subject that night, if we had not received a very unexpected visit from Malleville.

This visit was not encouraging.—As soon as the gentleman was seated, Champville endeavoured to sound him, to learn, if possible, whether he knew any thing; but she was soon persuaded by his answers that he was totally ignorant of every thing that had passed between Madame D'Alluy and ourselves. Malleville treated me very cavalierly, and even took some liberties. Neither my aunt nor me knew to what to attribute this singular behaviour. At last he took leave of us, with an air of superiority,

city, that we neither of us thought it prudent to check.

The next morning I received a note, which my servant told me had been left at the door by an unknown messenger : I opened it, and read as follows.

“ My mischievous little Beauty—

“ The answer to the person who sent the
 “ jewels is admirable ! And then to absent
 “ yourself for three days ! Do you know, you
 “ set out on your career, like a consummate
 “ mistress of the art ! There is, nevertheless,
 “ a person in the world who has it in his power to
 “ tarnish your glory, and to put a total stop to
 “ your deep-laid schemes : and he has such
 “ means for success, were he to make the at-
 “ tempt, that the sublime genius of the pretend-
 “ ed aunt would find no small difficulty to
 “ baffle. But he will not do you so great an
 “ injury ! As, however, in this age it is not
 “ customary to do any thing without a return,
 “ he fully expects, as a reward for his silence,
 “ that you will not fail, my prudent little lady,
 “ to give him the meeting, this evening, in the
 “ Rue Françoise. The adorable tribute of your
 “ charms, once paid to the superiority of his
 “ intel-

"intelligence, you will pursue your plans with
 "safety, under his protection."

I had just finished reading this gallant summons, when the Countess came in with Madame de Clercy. I was so surprized, that I stood motionless with this extraordinary assignation open in my hand. The Countess's last words, as she entered the room, made me judge that she had been arguing very strenuously against the gratuitous retention of the ear-rings, and in favour of the author of this rich present. "Oh! here is Julia," said she on entering; "what has she got in her hand?"—"Indeed, Madam, a very insolent letter, of which I do not comprehend a syllable. It must be designed for some other person."—The Countess took the note out of my hand. "I know this writing, I am sure," said she. "This note surely is not fallen from ——— But no, it is addressed to Mademoiselle de * * * * *. Let us see the contents." She read, but could not proceed to the end. "Ah! monster," said she, with a scream that made the house ring. She then—did not faint—but fell into a rage that made her foam at the mouth. "What is the matter?" said my aunt with emotion.—"Nothing, Madam, nothing. Nobody can content Miss but Malleville!

5 Malleville ! I am no longer astonished indeed that she will not listen to the prince, notwithstanding the diamonds !” — When she had said this, she threw herself into an arm-chair. — Champville was confounded. She looked at me with eyes of astonishment and doubt. Luckily the situation in which they both were, gave me time to speak, and to explain how the letter had come to my hands. I did it with ingenuousness, and in a tone of tranquillity that bespoke my sincerity. “ Ah ! I see through it at present,” said Champville. — “ I was reflecting yesterday on your extraordinary discretion,” said she to the Countess, “ and was astonished at your prudence ; but I now see that you have made a confidant of Malleville, and have betrayed the secrets of the Corps. You now suffer for your imprudence, and it is but just you should ! Come, my indiscreet friend, compose yourself, and listen to me. — To place a just value on your lover, Malleville, he is a man who in cunning and dissimulation is equal to two women. You have told him how we are situated in respect to that Ostrogoth of a Prince, and he has determined to turn the confidence you have placed in him to his own advantage.” — “ Base man !” said Madame D’Alluy, “ I will stab him to the heart !” — “ That is just what you must not do,” replied Madame de Clercy, with

with great coolness. " Since he has declared war, we must fight him with his own weapons. Are you perfectly sure of your good woman in the Rue Francoise?"—" As sure as of myself!" replied the Countess. " Well," said Clercy, " that is all I require. Leave every thing to me. Only send word to the Moscovite to be there to-night at ten o'clock precisely. Adieu, Countess, adieu. Do but hold your tongue, and you shall be revenged. Call on us exactly at three quarters past nine. Let your woman know that we must have the crimson saloon. Go home, and leave me your diligent and discreet jockey with orders to obey me."—" But——" " Oh! no buts, Countess. Good morning. Do not let a word escape you."—The Countess was no sooner gone, than Clercy took up the pen. She wrote a few words, that I did not see, and then whispered to our friend's jockey to tell him whither to take the note.

" Do you, child," said she to me, with the tone of an oracle, " do you give yourself up to the prudence of this head of mine, and be ready by nine o'clock to meet the designing Malleville." She said, and I obeyed.

C H A P. XXII.

Unforeseen Catastrophe.

WHEN Champville left me, she immediately went to dress herself; and having strictly enjoined the servant not to admit any body during her absence, ordered the carriage to the door, and went out. She did not return till past four o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as she entered the room, she exclaimed, "Ah! the monsters! I have caught them! This night we will all three be revenged!"—"But—" said I—"No objection of yours, my dear pupil, if you please!" replied she. "To night the genius of our sex shall evince its superior skill, and exert its ascendancy. Prepare yourself, my Julia, to laugh at the expence of vain, superficial, and disappointed coxcombs. We shall soon triumph over the whole set!"—Champville was so thoroughly satisfied with herself, and her malignity so well amused with the plot she had formed, which she thought was infallible, that she had not the least difficulty in persuading me to do whatever she required.—Some minutes before the clock struck ten,

ten, the Countess arrived. Clercy got into her carriage, and I preceded them alone in my own. When we reached the end of the Rue de petit-Lyon, Champville made a sign to my coachman to stop. I thought this manoeuvre might be the consequence of some sudden reflection of my aunt. However, the Countess's coach drew up close to mine, and Clercy told me not to stir from the place I was in, till I should see, by the light of the lamps, that Madame D'Alluy's carriage had driven off from the house we were going to.—I kept my post, my eye fixed on that part of the street where the Countess's carriage soon stopped. I observed it did not enter the gates, but drew up close to them; and I remarked that only one person alighted. The carriage immediately drove off, full gallop, up the Rue Mauconseil. I concluded that the person who alighted was my aunt, and that the Countess was gone, for some reason unknown to me, to return very shortly. This conclusion was natural, as I was totally ignorant of the steps Champville had taken during her absence from twelve o'clock till four in the afternoon.

In compliance with the instructions I had received, in about two minutes I ordered my coachman to advance. At the approach of my carriage

carriage the doors flew open, and were precipitately shut the moment I entered them. The fat housekeeper came to receive me with a single candle in her hand. "Is he arrived?" said I. "Follow me!" was her only answer; and she led me to an apartment hung with yellow damask, by a private staircase. By the knowledge I had of the house, I guessed this apartment to be very near the red saloon, and I thought that it very probably had a communication with it, by means of one of those convenient *boudoirs*, which I knew to be contiguous. After remaining alone for two or three minutes in a state of pensive agitation, the door opened, and in came the artful Malleville. I shuddered as soon as I saw him, but immediately recollected myself, and made a successful effort to conceal my emotion. He took me by the hand, and said, "What, you are here first, you little hussy!"—The stile of his whole conversation was analogous to this familiar epithet. After complimenting me on my proper treatment of the Russian Prince, he began to be very enterprising.—"If your booby of a Prince," said he, "and my furious Countess —." At these words a secret door in the recess flew open; Madame D'Alluy rushed in like a tigress, seized the traitor, and imprinted the marks of her nails on his face. Though very much frightened, I was

was inclined to laugh. But in the heat of the scuffle, there was a noise at the door, which opened, and discovered Prince Ivan Z * * *. I was much less surprized at this apparition than at the promptitude with which the furious D'Alluy composed herself, and the coolness that Malleville assumed, notwithstanding the bleeding scratches that were visible on his face, and without which the Boyard would not have perceived that any thing extraordinary had past. This new actor was astonished to find me in such company; and his astonishment was so ridiculously expressed, that I could not forbear bursting into a fit of laughter, that continued till the arrival of Champville, and of another actor whom I little expected to see.—“Baron,” said Champville, as she entered, “you promised me——.” “Infamous woman!” replied my brother, for it was he; “is a promise to be kept which a just desire of revenge induces a man to make to a creature like you, when honour commands him to break it?” He had no sooner pronounced these words, than he drew his sword, and rushed on Malleville, who had just time to snatch the Prince’s sword from the scabbard, and to put himself in a posture of defence. But in less time than I take to relate it, he fell weltering in his blood, by the furious and rapid thrusts of the Baron. In the midst of
the

the confusion, occasioned by this tragic scene, Champville made her escape on one side, and the Russian on the other, leaving his sword behind him. The Countess screamed and fainted; I did the same; and when we both recovered our senses, we found the apartment crowded by a Commissary and his suite, who were employing threats to the fat housekeeper, to make her discover the true cause of the catastrophe, and the name of the author of the murder.

I shall put an end to this scene of horror, by observing that the Countess and myself were separately transferred, in a state little removed from that of insensibility, to the prison of the great Chatelet; where we remained, totally ignorant, during four and twenty hours, of the fate that awaited us, and of the issue of this unexpected tragedy.

C H A P. XXIII.

More serious than any of the preceding Chapters of this Work.

TRANSPLANTED, as it were, during a horrid dream, from the sanctuary of guilty and deceitful pleasures, to the abode of shame, remorse, and of fruitless and tardy repentance, I found myself, for the first time during many years, alone—a prey to my own thoughts. When I had first entered the prison, in which I had now past some hours, I was in a state of stupidity that deprived me of the faculty of reflection. From this species of insensibility, (occasioned by an excess of grief and alarm) I had been plunged into an involuntary sleep, from which I now awaked in a situation not to be described—a situation that derived new horror from the temporary annihilation of my senses. It was some minutes before I could recover the faculties of my mind, which were wandering in the intermediate state, between sleeping and waking. From the miserable bed on which I had been laid, without strength or feeling, my hand mechanically sought the string of my bell; and, such is the effect of habitude,—

habitude,—my maid, the officious Clercy, all the conveniencies of my yesterday's abode, the customs and circumstances of my preceding situation, presented themselves to my confused imagination. At length the mist that seemed to obscure my senses and ideas was dispelled, and these illusions, once dissipated, gave way, with the rapidity and effect of a thunder-bolt, to the dreadful certainty, that I was alone, confined between four rough uncovered walls, which had never been illumined by the rays of the sun. By a doubtful gleam of light, that faintly pierced the native obscurity of the place, I was painfully convinced that the beautiful and brilliant—alas! shall I be pardoned for saying—the *imprudent* and *unfortunate* Julia was a captive in one of those dungeons from which the criminal never issues, but to receive the reward of his crimes. I found force enough, however, to raise myself up in the frightful and disgusting bed, on which I had luckily remained senseless from the moment I was lain on it. Alas! I regretted that I had recovered my existence—My eyes would fain have wept, but the tears refused to flow—my breast was denied the consolation of sobbing; my heart was so full, so oppressed with grief, that I could not feel it beat till the moment that the door of my cell opened with a horrid noise. The palpitation it caused was

strong and convulsive, but of short duration. I had scarcely experienced it, when the pulsation was again suspended; nevertheless, my eyes remained open, and passively distinguished the objects that presented themselves. The first that entered the door was a horrible, vulgar turnkey, whose aspect was conformable to his profession; but I was so lost to sensation, that the sight of him did not cause in me the least emotion. It was not the same with the person he introduced, whose appearance restored me to the use of my faculties; to feeling and to agony. My ears were saluted by a voice of mildness and tranquillity that uttered sounds of encouragement and consolation, which sunk into my heart, and made such an impression, that it is impossible for language to describe—It was an impression of mingled horror and comfort!—Oh, reader! that voice belonged only to Simpson!

“Unfortunate sister of my impetuous friend,” said he, “be comforted. I come to offer you consolation, and to snatch you from the brink of the precipice. If I succeed, I shall esteem this day as one of the happiest of my life.”

“Sir —.” “Woman as you are,” said Simpson, rather hastily, “lose not your confidence; you speak to a man—who knows
—whe

—who has seen, yes, Miss, who has seen a great deal. Time is precious—Alas! the time during which our friends suffer, is ever too long.—I mean not to say more.”

Unless the reader has been involved himself in guilt and misfortune, I cannot flatter myself that my expressions can make him experience those sentiments which the words of Simpson excited in me: I remained silent for the space of two minutes, but not without emotion or idea. I then covered my face with my hands, and fell down on the bed: a groan, that seemed as if it would have burst my bosom, at length found the way to my lips; and tears, without which my deplorable life must have escaped, flowed in torrents down my cheeks. While I gave vent to my tears, the turnkey left us, and Simpson approached the foot of the bed in silence. This benevolent mortal took me affectionately by the hand, and raised in me a sensation I had not experienced for years. He remained some time without uttering a word; doubtless from the suggestions of a compassionate and delicate mind, that feared to overwhelm me with the accumulated weight of shame and despair.—“Julia, Julia!” said he at last, in a firm and serene tone of voice, “it is never too late to return to our duty. Repentance, when founded.

on reflection, restores to virtue those who had quitted its paths: humiliation and despair are the lot only of the pusillanimous and corrupted being, who quits a life of debauchery with reluctance; and regrets the guilty sweets that are attached to it."

"Ah! Sir ——" I could not proceed, but once more hid my face with my hands, and fell on the bed. We heard a noise at the door of the cell—it was the hideous turnkey coming back. Simpson had guessed it was him by the clinking of the keys that he carried about him, and went to meet him at the door; where I heard him speak thus—"It is probably not necessary to remind you, my friend, that certain precautions prescribed by the law, are essentially different from the sentences it has pronounced on crimes legally proved. I trust you will not forget that this young lady is entitled to all the respect you can shew her. Here—take this," said he, approaching the myrmidon, "as an earnest of the recompence you may expect, if you and your companion pay her those marks of attention which are her due." The turnkey's horrible countenance was softened into a smile, and he made so profound a bow, that I was certain the generous Simpson had been excessively liberal to him; and indeed, this was sufficiently evinced

evinced by the respect with which I was treated by every Cerberus of this abode of horror. "Keep up your spirits," said Simpson, "I am coming towards me," "I am going to leave you for a very short time; another voice than mine is coming to speak comfort to your mind." My heart palpitated with violence—I took the old man's hand, and bathed it with my tears.—He made an effort to restrain his, and left me with a placid smile on his countenance. Simpson had not left me more than hour, when I again heard his voice on the stair-case that led to my cell; yet he spoke in a low voice. At the same time my ears were stricken with the tender sobs of sensibility and affection. They seemed to proceed from some one who accompanied this generous man. I knew not whether to shew or to conceal myself; but ashamed and confused I fell a third time on the pillow they had just put on my bed. I soon felt myself tenderly pressed, and watered with the tears of the amiable and affectionate Theresa Maupin.

The moment I turned my eyes on this heavenly creature, all the avenging darts of remorse and shame pierced my heart at once. "What is it you?—Is Theresa come to console me?" "To be sure, my dear friend!"—The tone of this answer affected me most sensibly. I
threw

threw myself into the arms of Theresa, who pressed me with a tenderness that overcame me. I lost my senses and my speech—They brought me assistance—As soon as I came to myself, Theresa pressed my hands, and said—“ Julia my sister!—for you now are my sister—my dearest friend, let every thing be buried in oblivion. Let me intreat you, by the friendship I now come to ask and to offer you, to compose yourself, and not to suffer your grief to overcome you.” She then burst into tears ; I joined her, and we remained in each other’s arms for some time without speaking ; at length I exclaimed—“ Ah ! Champville, *thy* execrable, *thy* infectious friendship had made me lose the very idea of *that* which the indulgent and feeling heart of virtue can preserve even for one who ——” “ Let us think no more of that woman, my dear,” said Theresa, interrupting me ; “ let us forget her. You must now, my Julia, look on me as your best, as your truest friend ; and such will I prove.” I did not answer ; for all my efforts to speak were vain.—I was in a state of inconceivable agitation—though painful, it had something consolatory in it. It seemed as if the presence and embraces of the virtuous Theresa purified my mind from the vice with which it had been so long infected.

A man

A man plainly and decently dressed came to interrupt this affecting scene. Head dressed himself to Theresa by the title of Baroness, and asked her if it was time for him to go. She told him it was, and that he must return speedily. When the man was gone, Theresa's endeavours to console me so far succeeded, that in less than an hour I was sufficiently composed to hear and to retain nearly word for word, the following relation.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



